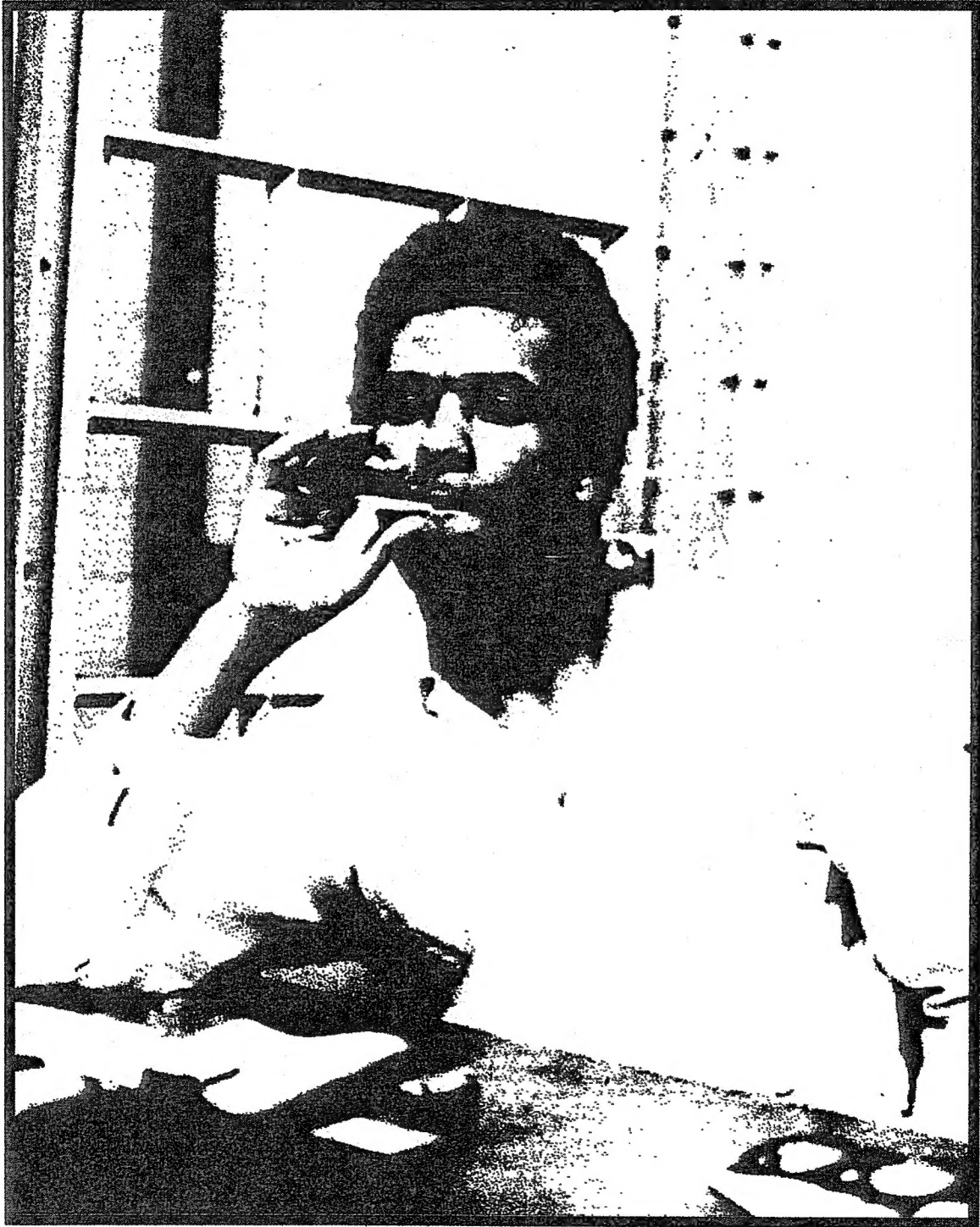


# *Right On! #20*



Comrade Huey P. Newton

*Newsletter of the New Afrikan Black  
Panther Party - Prison Chapter*



*"Racial discrimination in the United States is a product of the colonialist and imperialist system. The contradiction between the Black masses in the United States and the U.S. ruling circles is a class contradiction. Only by overthrowing the reactionary rule of the U.S. monopoly capitalist class and destroying the colonialist and imperialist system can the Black people in the United States win complete emancipation. The Black masses and the masses of white working people in the United States have common interests and common objectives to struggle for. Therefore, the Afro-American struggle is winning sympathy and support from increasing numbers of white working people and progressives in the United States. The struggle of the Black people in the United States is bound to merge with the American workers' movement, and this will eventually end the criminal rule of the U.S. monopoly capitalist class.*

*"In 1963, in the 'Statement Supporting the Afro-Americans in Their Just Struggle Against Racial Discrimination by U.S. Imperialism,' I said that the 'the evil system of colonialism and imperialism arose and thrived with the enslavement of Negroes and the trade in Negroes, and it will surely come to its end with the complete emancipation of the Black people.' I still maintain this view."*

— Mao Tse-tung, "A New Storm Against Imperialism," April 16, 1968

Recognizing that the Black Liberation Struggle is a class struggle, and that it can only be won by sweeping away the whole capitalist-imperialist system and abolishing wage slavery (and with it prison slavery), the New Afrikan Black Panthers are committed socialist revolutionaries, and our strategy is a revolutionary strategy.

Revolution advances in waves, and a new wave of the World Proletarian Socialist Revolution is on the rise. It has the potential to go all the way and sweep away this rotten system based on exploitation and oppression and usher in a new system based upon social justice and equality. If in fact, this is to be the case, then inevitably, the epicenter of the struggle shall be here — inside the "Belly of the Beast" of the sole imperialist superpower — and it falls upon the Nation of New Afrikans in Amerika to play the vanguard (leading) role.

This is both a great responsibility and a great opportunity. It is one we must rise to meet.

Mao summed up revolution as "Create Public Opinion Seize Power!" You can't do the latter until you've accomplished the former, because the masses alone have the power to make this sort of revolution. The duty of revolutionaries is to make them conscious of the need, arm them with revolutionary theory, and give them the organizational forms to rise up and take history into their own hands.

This is what the New Afrikan Black Panther Party — Prison Chapter (NABPP-PC) is all about. We are the embryonic form of a new vanguard party rooted among the most oppressed section of the people, based on continuing the legacy of the original Black Panther Party. Our ideological and political line "Pantherism" is illuminated by Marxism-Leninism-Maoism (MLM), the "Science of Revolution." We are a legal above-ground organization born in the prisons of Amerika, dedicated to uplifting our New Afrikan people — and all oppressed people — and using struggle to create more favorable conditions for our liberation.

Starting with nothing but our desire to be free, we shall advance step by step to achieve total victory. We must begin by educating ourselves and building the infrastructure of our Party organization, consolidating and expanding; prison by prison, state by state and region by region. We must expand from the inside to the outside, sinking roots in the oppressed communities and transforming them into base areas of cultural, social and political revolution in the context of building a worldwide United Front Against Capitalist-Imperialism.

Every segment of the people in the oppressed communities needs to be organized, especially the youth: For it is the youth who have the most to win or lose. In the final analysis the world belongs to them and to the generations yet unborn.

**DARE TO STRUGGLE DARE TO WIN!**

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**



**Rising Sun Press**  
**PO Box 4362**  
**Allentown, PA 18105**  
**(610) 437-2971**



## Denmark Vesey (1757-1822)

Charleston, South Carolina is a city that was built on the slave trade. It was the main exit port for the trade in Native Americans being sold into slavery in the Caribbean and the main entry port for Black slaves being imported from the Caribbean and Afrika. In 1822, a Black freeman named Denmark Vesey plotted to burn Charleston to the ground. He planned to do it on July 14<sup>th</sup>, to commemorate Bastille Day, but a the last minute, the uprising was betrayed by a couple of loyal "house negroes," and Denmark and scores of his alleged co-conspirators (including four whites) were arrested in what was claimed to be the largest planned slave uprising in Amerikan history.

Denmark Vesey was born in either West Afrika or the Caribbean around 1757. In 1771, he came to the attention of a white slave trader, Captain Joseph Vesey, who transported him from the Danish West Indies colony of St. Thomas to the French colony of Saint-Domingue (Haiti). Vesey recorded that he was "struck with the beauty, alertness and intelligence" of the fourteen-year old boy, and that he sold him in Cape Francois. On a return trip to Haiti, he was forced to take him back because it was claimed that the boy suffered from epileptic fits, though Vesey claimed he never knew of him to have one in the 20 years he was his personal slave.

Denmark, (a corruption of *Telemarque*), sailed with Vesey on all his cruises, (including two years of transporting slaves from Afrika), until the Captain retired from the sea in 1783 to live in Charleston, where Denmark won a \$1,500 lottery and purchased his freedom and a carpentry shop. He was an exceptionally good carpenter and soon prospered, but he was never able to purchase the freedom of his wife and children.

In 1815, whites planned to construct a hearse house on top of a Black cemetery. This desecration outraged the Black community, and thousands quit the white churches in protest and formed a congregation of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Charleston. Denmark, who was a

Presbyterian, was one of them, and he became an influential leader of the AME church. Exodus was his favorite topic in the Bible classes he led.

In 1818, white authorities disrupted a church service that was being attended by free Black ministers visiting from Philadelphia, and they arrested 140 people. The Governor ordered the church closed. Denmark Vesey was outraged, and considered emigrating to Afrika, but he decided to stay and "see what he could do for his fellow creatures." He began planning an insurrection. He followed the revolution in Haiti with great interest and planned to free the slaves in Charleston and force the ships in the harbor to take them to Haiti after laying waste to the city.

He recruited an outstanding crew of lieutenants, including an Angolan lay-preacher and conjurer named "Gullah Jack," who had great influence among the Afrikan-born slaves on the plantations around Charleston. He held secret ceremonies of singing, prayer and feasting that transformed them from obedient slaves into "born-again warriors." He prescribed a special diet and gave them crab claw amulets for protection in battle.

Thousands were brought into the conspiracy, but Denmark gave orders not to approach any of the house servants, whose loyalty he considered questionable. None-the-less, a slave of the Governor named Rolla Bennett told George Wilson, a house slave devoted to his master, who betrayed the confidence and Rolla Bennett was arrested and forced to talk. As more and more were arrested, Wilson, tormented by guilt, lost his mind and committed suicide.

Every detail had been carefully worked out, and Vesey had gathered a supply of weapons donated by supporters in Haiti. A clandestine army of some 9,000 slaves were to rise at midnight on July 14<sup>th</sup> and seize the armory and key points in the city, blocking all the bridges, while mounted fighters rode through the city killing every white they saw and setting the buildings ablaze.

After the plot was discovered, Vesey pushed forward the date of the uprising to mid-June, but it too late. Suddenly, Charleston was filled with soldiers and guards were posted on the bridges while hundreds of Blacks were being arrested. After a two-day search, Denmark Vesey was arrested. At first the whites had trouble believing that he was the mastermind, being a respected elder of the Black community, but as the story unfolded, they were soon howling for his blood.

What terrified them most was that so many of the slaves they knew and trusted were committed to their destruction and none had come forward until then. Of those arrested, forty-three were deported and thirty-five were hung, including Vesey and "Gullah Jack," while Blacks in the city rioted. The AME church was outlawed and the church building was burned to the ground. New repressive laws were passed, and every slave and free Black was viewed with suspicion.

Denmark Vesey's Old Testament Christianity continued to be preached underground while publicly the Black clergy stuck to the New Testament version of a passive, loving Jesus. The spiritual "Go Down Moses" is supposed to be a tribute to him. "Remember Denmark Vesey of Charleston!" was the battle cry of the first Black regiment recruited in the Civil War. When the Confederacy surrendered, Denmark's son rebuilt the AME church in Charleston. □





# Massacre at Les Cayes Prison

New York Times, May 22, 2010

## Escape Attempt Led to Killings of Unarmed Inmates

By DEBORAH SONTAG and WALT BOGDANICH

LES CAYES, Haiti — When the earth shook violently on Jan. 12, the inmates in this southern city's squalid prison clamored to be released, screaming: "Help! We're going to die in here."

Elsewhere in Haiti, inmates were fleeing largely undeterred. But here, where the prison itself sustained little damage, there was no exit. Instead, conditions worsened for the inmates, three-quarters of them pretrial detainees, arrested on charges as petty as loitering and locked up indefinitely alongside convicted felons.

After the earthquake, guards roughed up the noisiest inmates and consolidated them into cells so crowded their limbs tangled, former prisoners said. With aftershocks jangling nerves, the inmates slept in shifts on the ground, used buckets for toilets and plotted their escape.

The escape plan, set in motion on Jan. 19 by an attack on a guard, proved disastrous. With Haitian and United Nations police officers encircling the prison, the detainees could not get out. For hours, they rampaged, hacking up doors and burning records, until tear gas finally overwhelmed them.

In the end, after the Haitian police stormed the compound, dozens of inmates lay dead and wounded, their bodies strewn through the courtyard and crumpled inside cells. The prison smoldered, a blood-splattered mess.

Haitian officials here say they did not use lethal force but rather found lifeless bodies when they entered the prison. They attribute the killings to a prison ringleader who, they say, slaughtered his fellow inmates before hopping over the wall and disappearing.

But an investigation by *The New York Times* casts doubt on the official version of events and instead indicates that Haitian authorities shot unarmed prisoners and then sought to cover it up. Many of the bodies were buried in an unmarked grave.

Kesnel Jeudi, a recently released inmate, said in an interview that nobody was dead when the police rushed the prison. "They shouted: 'Prisoners, lie down. Lie down. Lie down,'" he said. "When the prisoners lay down — while the prisoners were lying down — they began firing."

Mr. Jeudi, 28, said the police shootings involved some settling of scores: "There were people they selected to kill."

Four months later, the death toll remains unknown. But most accounts place it between 12 and 19, with up to 40 wounded. The local morgue attendant, Georges Raymond, said that he initially registered 11 dead detainees, with several more arriving later after they died of bullet wounds at the adjacent hospital.

Prison officials would not allow *The Times* to enter the walled prison compound, which sits directly behind the police station in the heart of town. But reporters interviewed

six witnesses to the disturbance as well as five others who visited the prison either immediately after the shootings or the next day. None saw inmates firing weapons or any evidence that inmates killed inmates. Instead, witnesses said the police shot unarmed prisoners, some in the prison yard, others in their cells. Afterward, the authorities failed to notify inmates' relatives of the deaths, buried bodies without conducting autopsies and burned the surviving prisoners' bloodstained clothing and shoes.

Myrtil Yonel, a human rights leader here, said, "For us, we consider this to be a massacre."

Under a bare bulb in his office beside the prison, Olritch Beaubrun, the superintendent of the anti-riot police unit, scoffed at this accusation. He said that a detainee nicknamed Ti Mousson had slaughtered inmates who resisted his escape plan.

"Ti Mousson put down the 12 detainees," Superintendent Beaubrun said. "We did not. We never fired our guns."

This assertion is at odds with what *The Times* found after reviewing confidential Haitian and United Nations reports and conducting interviews with former detainees, guards, prison cooks, wardens, police officials, judicial officials and relatives of dead prisoners.

Among other things, United Nations police officers noted that day in an internal incident report that the Haitian police had used firearms. The cooks, three women trapped inside during the riot, said that the detainees did no shooting. No weapons were recovered. Ti Mousson — whose real name is Luguens Cazeau — escaped. And the authorities did not treat the prison as the crime scene of what they portrayed as a mass murder by Mr. Cazeau, who was awaiting trial on charges of stealing a satellite dish.

The Haitian government said that it was conducting three separate investigations into the episode. But witnesses and others interviewed by *The Times* during two visits here last month said that they had never spoken to investigators. The inmates' bodies had not been exhumed, and there was no indication that basic forensic evidence had ever been collected.

The detainees' relatives say they feel not only bereft but also abandoned. During an interview, the widow of Abner Lisius — arrested on suspicions of stealing a cellphone, now dead at 45 — wiped away tears. "My husband was murdered by the authorities," said Marie Michel Laurencin, the widow.

For four months, American and United Nations officials have made no public comments about the killings at Les Cayes, saying they were urging the Haitians to handle the matter themselves. But after *The Times* repeatedly raised questions about the case with American officials, the United States Embassy sent a human rights officer to Les Cayes.

The United Nations mission chief in Haiti, Edmond Mulet, has now ordered the United Nations police commissioner here to begin an independent inquiry.





Last week, the United Nations spokesman in Haiti, David Wimhurst, expressed frustration with the Haitian investigations to date, saying that "incomplete and inaccurate" official statements about what happened in Les Cayes suggested a possible cover-up.

"We've waited and waited for the government to do its thing and now we're going to do our thing," Mr. Wimhurst said. "It's a delicate political business being in Haiti and supporting the government. We're not here to undermine them, but nor are we here to turn a blind eye to gross human rights violations."

### **A Fragile Justice System**

How Haiti now deals with the killings in Les Cayes offers a test case for this country's commitment to human rights at a time when the world is poised to help rebuild its troubled justice system after the earthquake. The State Department and the Agency for International Development have requested \$141.3 million for that purpose.

For 15 years, on and off, the international community has invested in Haiti's police, courts and prisons as a way to shore up its fragile democracy. The effort began in late 1994 when the Haitian Army, long an instrument of political terror, was disbanded.

"After many years of dictatorship, there was no independent police force and no independent judiciary, and the prisons were hellholes," said William G. O'Neill, director of the Conflict Prevention and Peace Forum at the Social Science Research Council. "The goal was to create institutions that would respect human rights and allow the rule of law to flourish."

But to date the international investment, focused on police and judicial training in an official culture rife with corruption and cronyism, has netted modest returns. Haiti's corrections system has made few gains.

Before the earthquake, the country's 17 prisons "fell far short of international standards," the Haitian government acknowledged in a post-disaster needs assessment. Prisons were dilapidated and severely overcrowded; guards, far fewer than needed, were poorly equipped. And — the persistent core problem — most detainees were held in prolonged pretrial detention, often for minor crimes or for things like commercial debt, witchcraft and werewolfery.

"Understand, you can be arrested in Haiti for practically nothing," said Maurice D. Geiger, an American contractor working on justice reform in Haiti. "And once you are arrested and go to prison, it is not only possible but likely that you will stay there for an extended period of time without seeing a judge."

Prisons were widely viewed as "powder kegs awaiting a spark," as a 2007 report by the International Crisis Group put it. And the earthquake provided it.

On Jan. 12, the largest prison in the country, the national penitentiary in Port-au-Prince, emptied completely not long after a section of its surrounding wall collapsed. Guards fled along with inmates, including a few hundred prisoners considered a serious risk to the country's security.

Looking back, police officials said they should have anticipated a "contagion" of escape attempts at other prisons after that.

### **Panic After a Quake**

In Les Cayes, Haiti's third largest city, the earthquake was far less destructive than in Port-au-Prince. But the earth did shake, violently and laterally. And, although children at an orphanage in the city marveled at how the trees danced, adults panicked, dashing into the streets, screaming, crying.

Inside the prison complex, where corroding concrete cellblocks frame a desolate courtyard, inmates hollered, trying to wrench open the doors to their cells.

Built in the 19th century, the prison held 467 detainees in 14 cells that day, more than four times its intended capacity. The ruckus was ear-splitting. When the inmates did not quiet down, Pierre Eddy Charlot, the supervisor, called in reinforcements from the adjacent police station and the United Nations police unit stationed in town.

"Measures were taken to prevent the worst," Mr. Charlot scribbled in a memo that night.

According to prisoners released after the disturbance, those measures included an effort to silence forcibly the trouble-makers. Mr. Jeudi said he watched the guards remove the noisiest detainees from their cells, beat them with batons and then cram them into a few particularly crowded units. Twice-a-day bathroom privileges were eliminated.

Tensions escalated. "The prisoners were riled up," said one former detainee, recently released. The young man spoke on the condition of anonymity, fearing reprisals.

"When they beat us, we said, 'Damn,'" he said. "Now, you know prisoners. We tried to make a plan to get out."

Cell 3 was planning central, home to Mr. Cazeau, or Ti Mousson, who had been roughed up by a guard after the quake, according to former detainees. The inmates in that cell got busy, digging holes in the walls, sharpening a toothbrush to a fine point.

Their plotting was no secret. "There was a guy in Cell 3, a former police officer," Mr. Jeudi said. "Two days before the prison fell apart, he was in the cell when Ti Mousson counted who was with him and who was not. So that guy asked for the warden and informed on what the prisoners were planning. And the warden did nothing."

After the earthquake, the warden, Inspector Sylvestre Larack, put out a "maximum alert" calling his 29 guards back to duty. But on Jan. 19, with much of Les Cayes still in a post-quake state of emergency, only five guards showed up to work inside the prison.

In the early afternoon, when the cells were to be opened for the dumping of the waste buckets, Inspector Larack left to put gas in his car, said Mr. Yonel, the southern regional director of Haiti's Network for the Defense of Human Rights. Given the long lines at the service stations, this was bound to take time.

For the escape planners, "the stars had aligned," Mr. Yonel said.

### **A Cell Erupts**



Thelemaque Guerson, the guard with the keys, found nothing out of the ordinary when he unlocked Cell 1 and then Cell 2.

When he opened Cell 3, however, dozens of detainees "formed a coalition and pushed out together at the same time," he said in an interview. They threw a bucket of urine at him and pounced, fists first. Mr. Cazeau grabbed him by the chest, saying, "Give me the prison keys." Mr. Guerson, 28, said he threw the keys in the hopes that the other guards would retrieve them.

The other guards, however, "must have been distracted," said an internal United Nations report. That report said it was a United Nations police officer patrolling the prison roof who first spied the detainees attacking Mr. Guerson.

Mr. Guerson said he struggled, but, outnumbered, could not stand his ground. He was stabbed in the head and neck with the sharpened toothbrush. Finally, he managed to extricate himself and ran out the front gate. All the other guards fled, too, and they did not lock the door after themselves.

### **The Inmates Controlled the Prison**

Key ring in hand, Mr. Cazeau opened cell after cell. Inmates poured into the yard. Some rushed the front door. But by this point, United Nations officers and soldiers, who had formed a perimeter around the compound, blocked the entrance, pointing their guns. Detainees withdrew back inside, where they easily found the tools to vent their frustrations, like propane tanks to set fires and pickaxes to chop up the doors.

Although prisons are not supposed to keep firearms, and especially not unsecured firearms, the inmates also found a couple of old guns in the clerk's office, according to some accounts. Mr. Guerson and the former detainees said they thought the guns either did not work or did not have ammunition.

The police station stands directly in front of the prison. Superintendent Beaubrun, who runs the Departmental Unit for the Maintenance of Order, said that he was sitting out front under a tamarind tree when he heard a blast — "Boom!" Running toward the noise — its origin unclear — he saw Mr. Guerson dash out, his head bleeding.

Still, Superintendent Beaubrun said, the police could not intervene without orders from his superior, whom he said he had difficulty reaching by cellphone.

So while the inmates ransacked the prison, the guards were outside, the police were outside and the United Nations officers were outside, too. "We spent three hours discussing what to do," Superintendent Beaubrun said.

Handling a riot is a delicate affair for prison officials. International standards encourage the use of mediation and nonlethal restraint; law enforcement officers are supposed to use lethal force only after all other means have been exhausted. Haitian officials ordered the United Nations officers, who were better equipped, to enter the prison and open fire on the prisoners, according to the United Nations report. The United Nations officers, most from a Senegalese police unit, vehemently refused.

"It was not right!" Abdou Mbengue, the reporting officer for the Senegalese, said at his office here last month. His commander, Lt. Col. Ababacar Sadikh Niang, said that they were not authorized to discuss the matter but added, emphatically, "It must be said that the Senegalese did not fire a single shot."

Haitian officials blamed the United Nations officers' "indifference" for allowing the situation to escalate.

Officer Mbengue, in turn, in a report that he wrote the night of the shootings, deplored "the amateurism, the lack of seriousness and the irresponsibility of the Haitian National Police officers." The senior police official in the region — Superintendent Beaubrun's boss — did not arrive on the scene for more than an hour, he wrote.

With night falling, Superintendent Beaubrun said, the police grew concerned about three female prison cooks who they believed had been taken hostage inside the prison. "They were screaming: 'Don't kill me. Don't kill me. Don't kill me,'" he said.

The three women, interviewed while cooking outside the prison last month, said they never feared that the detainees would kill them. They said that some detainees considered using them "as a shield" if the police came in but that others did not permit that. Generally, the detainees were protective of them and did not threaten or harm them, the cooks said.

"Because we used to take good care of the detainees, maybe that's why they did not try to hurt us," said one, Marie Florence Degan, as she tended a huge metal kettle of rice and beans over a wood fire.

Around 5 p.m., Haitian police officials decided to enter the prison compound. They used tear gas first, hurling 30 grenades that had been given to them by the Senegalese officers.

"A lot of gas," Mr. Jeudi said. "Myself, personally, I took a T-shirt, wrapped it around my nose and put toothpaste around my mouth" to combat the effects. "I was crying."

Detainees ran into the infirmary and hid in cells. Some escaped, climbing up and over the walls or through holes they had dug. Mr. Cazeau, the ringleader, fled in plain view, using a prison ladder, according to a report by Mr. Yonel's human rights group.

### **The Police Take Over**

By the time the police penetrated the northern wall to enter the prison, the detainees had been overcome by the gas and were breathing hard, former detainees said.

The prison warden's report said the police, accompanied by guards, were greeted by "a hailstorm of rocks and ammunition coming from the detainees."

The cooks said the detainees never fired a shot. "No detainees did any shooting," one of the cooks, Charita Millien, said. No officers were killed, and none were wounded by gunfire, according to police reports.

On entering, the warden's report said, officers found on the ground "detainees who had been executed by the leaders of the movement for refusing to cooperate."

But two cooks said that they saw no dead detainees on the ground at the moment the police arrived. And, like other



detainees interviewed, Mr. Jeudi said, "No one was killed before the police entered the prison."

Superintendent Beaubrun said that the detainees' account could not be trusted. "The detainees were arrested by us," he said. "They will never say good things about us. Escape is good for them. If you prevent them from escaping, they won't like you."

Mr. Jeudi and other former detainees said the police entered firing. "When they started to shoot, people were screaming and crying," Mr. Jeudi said. Many detainees dropped facedown on the ground and laced their fingers behind their heads.

One middle-aged former prisoner said he was standing on the sidelines trying to calm Fredely Percy, a 27-year-old inmate serving time for marijuana possession. "My friend, Fredely, was standing next to me and we were discussing what to do," the former prisoner said in an interview. "At that moment, I heard 'Pow,' and he got hit and fell down."

Another former detainee, a scrappy man in his 20s, said, in broken English: "They shoot a lot of people. There was a lot of blood on me. Blood, blood. Everybody in the prison have blood on them."

He said the police shot indiscriminately. "All them people they killed, it's not even like they were going to escape," he said. "They just shoot them. Like they nervous, they shoot people."

Mr. Yonel said he believed that some of the victims were singled out. A former prisoner said that the police executed one of the ringleaders, a man serving a life sentence for murder, after the situation had calmed. The officers found the man in his cell, took him into the infirmary, beat him and shot him, the former inmate said.

"They decided because he had escaped death earlier to kill him," the former inmate said. He added, "They never liked him."

#### **A Priest's Witness**

The next day, the Rev. Marc Boisvert, an American priest who runs a large orphanage on the outskirts of town, heard about the prison violence from a radio report. Father Boisvert, a former United States Navy chaplain, has operated a vocational program at the prison for years, training convicts to be tailors. He immediately got in his car and drove to the prison.

"It was a real mess," he said. "The place was still smoldering."

The warden, Inspector Larack, welcomed him, he said. "They brought me in to see the damage that had been caused by the prisoners," Father Boisvert said.

"Especially they wanted to show me the bad side: 'The prisoners did this. Imagine that. Look at the holes in the walls. Look at the ceilings. They burnt the kitchen out.'"

Well before the riot, conditions at the prison were "subhuman," Father Boisvert said. After the riot, with more than 400 prisoners locked down in five or six small cells, the conditions became "seriously inhumane," he said.

Father Boisvert found several wounded detainees languishing without medical treatment.

One detainee showed him the pellets in his back from a shotgun blast; he said he had been shot at close range, through the bars of his cell. Another detainee, shot by a

small-caliber handgun, was writhing in pain, a bullet lodged in his chest. A third had a bloody eye that appeared to be from a bullet casing being ejected, Father Boisvert said.

In the prison yard, one inmate lay catatonic on a bare mattress, apparently in shock from what he had witnessed, Father Boisvert said.

"It was crazy," he said. "People just lost it. People with guns lost it, and other people lost their lives."

After Father Boisvert volunteered to provide food to the detainees, he gained relatively free access to the prison, and prisoners began telling him what had happened.

"They all claim that when the shooting started, they had their hands up and were surrendering," he said. "That the shooting seemed to be at close range, through bars into cells where the people inside had now here to go."

"Essentially, when the authorities finally got their act together, they came in full force and shot people indiscriminately in their cells," he said.

Like Father Boisvert, Ms. Laurencin, 42, also heard about the disturbance at the prison on the radio. She said she was not worried about her husband, Mr. Lisius, the father of her three daughters and a cabinetmaker by trade. In prison since November without having seen a judge, he was too timid to have taken part in an uprising, she said.

Ms. Laurencin said she prepared his favorite dish — fish and plantains — and took it to the prison. But the guards would not let her in. The next day, she returned twice, and the second time she made her way into the yard where she saw prisoners on their knees. They called to her: "Your husband is dead."

Stunned, Ms. Laurencin went to the morgue to look for her husband's body. What she saw then haunts her now, she said: a bullet hole in his caved-in head, and his rotted entrails spilling out. He was too damaged for a proper funeral, she said, so she and a couple of friends buried him themselves in the town cemetery.

Since his death, the authorities have never contacted her, she said last month.

#### **Gruesome Photographs**

On Jan. 19, after the prison was calmed, a United Nations officer took pictures inside the compound. Those photographs, closely guarded by the United Nations, appear to be the only documentary evidence of the killings.

They show bodies in the prison yard and bodies in cells, according to three people who have viewed them. Several bodies bear multiple gunshot wounds. The images are gruesome, said Mr. Geiger, the American contractor working in Haiti on a justice reform project.

Mr. Geiger, a former Justice Department official, said that a picture of two bodies slumped inside one cell, and a third, half in, half out, most disturbed him. "Unnamed prisoners in a cell are not a danger to any body," he said. "Any competent and responsible prison authority knows how to take care of a situation where people in a cell are disturbing, hollering or whatever."

After the episode was over, prison officials summoned the local justice of the peace, Michel Seide, "to certify the





damage incurred in the course of the riot," according to the warden's incident report.

When Mr. Seide stepped inside, he immediately saw two bodies on the ground, "one with a big hole in his head, next to his neck," he said in an interview. The other bodies lay scattered through the main yard, he said. He counted a total of 10, none inside cells, he said. He said he did not know if bodies had been moved before his arrival.

While he was writing a report, a truck arrived to collect the bodies, he said, and the authorities asked a couple of prisoners in good standing to help move them.

One was Mr. Jeudi, who was just completing a five-year sentence for armed robbery. He said that he transported a dozen dead detainees to the hospital, including one found outside the compound, apparently shot while escaping.

"I carried 12 cadavers," Mr. Jeudi said. "I was sick about it."

Mr. Jeudi said he also ferried eight wounded detainees to the hospital.

After the bodies had been removed, Alix Civil, the local prosecutor, arrived at the scene, which he described in an interview as "a catastrophic situation." He said he saw damaged walls, broken cell doors and blood everywhere—details not included in the report he received from the justice of the peace.

"A lot of things were missing from that report," Mr. Civil said. "It was written only to please the chief of the prison."

He ordered Mr. Seide to redo his report. Mr. Seide said that he interviewed hospitalized detainees who told him the police shot them, but he would not divulge the conclusion of his second report, which could form the basis for a local prosecution of the officers.

A few days after the shootings, Antoinetta Dorcinat arrived at the morgue just in time to retrieve the body of Mr. Percy, her boyfriend. Ms. Dorcinat said she gave the morgue attendant a bribe of \$6.50 "so they wouldn't throw Fredely away with the others."

Mr. Yonel, the human rights leader, said the morgue sent 11 bodies to the local cemetery. He said that the cemetery caretaker showed him the muddy clearing where the bodies had been buried.

Detainees' relatives were not notified before the burial. Lisette Charles said she still did not know where her 21-year-old son, Jacklyn Charles, was buried.

"I didn't know about what happened until about five days afterward," Ms. Charles said. "I was told several of them were put in large zippered body bags and piled up at the cemetery. I don't know what hole they buried him in."

After word spread, Mr. Yonel said, detainees' relatives kept showing up at his office, a cubbyhole with books and files piled high, asking: "Why? Why? Why?" Over 26 days, his staff investigated, concluding that the police killed the detainees without justification, and he delivered his findings to the local authorities. "I went before the court and said: 'You have to have an investigation. You can't just let this pass,'" he said.

But many months did pass, during which the only thing that happened was that Inspector Larack was transferred to the

top warden job in the country at the national penitentiary in Port-au-Prince, which is slowly filling back up with prisoners.

At the penitentiary, Inspector Larack declined to discuss the violence under his watch. He welcomed reporters into the prison's rubble-strewn courtyard, "my new office." But he turned rigid when the episode in Les Cayes was raised. He blocked a video camera with his hand — "Stop!" he said — and demanded the videotape.

### A Police Report

A couple of weeks later, the Haitian National Police inspector general's office completed its investigation of the disturbance in Les Cayes and recommended Inspector Larack's demotion. The investigation focused on only prison officials. The police were not questioned, judging by a confidential inspector general's report. The catalyst for the inquiry appeared to be growing concern about the prison escapes across the country — and not concern about the deaths at Les Cayes.

The inspector general, Fritz Jean, blamed Inspector Larack for failing to take steps to prevent the disturbance. He also accused him of lying to investigators about who shot the detainees by accusing Mr. Cazeau of mass murder.

The detainees were actually killed, the inspector general's report said, after Mr. Cazeau, the ringleader, escaped and the police entered the prison.

The inspector general's report does not raise any questions about the police shootings and whether they were justified. It concludes that the police and prison officials did "estimable work" and should be commended for preventing a majority of the prisoners from fleeing.

Shown a copy of the inspector general's report, Mr. O'Neill, who served as an adviser to Haiti's justice reform effort for many years, said it looked like "a whitewash."

A crucial component of the justice reform effort in Haiti has been to wipe out a culture of impunity, "where government officials literally could get away with murder," Mr. O'Neill said.

"If things like this can happen in a state-run institution, and it's not handled properly, that's a very bad precedent for the future," he said. "If whoever killed these people are not brought to justice, it sets a bad tone for post-earthquake reconstruction."

Senator Patrick J. Leahy, the Vermont Democrat who is chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and the Appropriations subcommittee that finances foreign aid programs, said that how Haiti ultimately handled the case in Les Cayes would show if it was serious about justice.

"Absent the will to see justice done," Mr. Leahy said, "we should not waste our money."





## Black Panther Shot in Cage

Comrade Khaysi is a prisoner at Virginia's notorious Red Onion State Prison, where he joined the New Afrikan Black Panther Party Prison Chapter (NABPP-PC) after prolonged discussions with our Minister of Defense, Kevin "Rashid" Johnson.

"Khaysi" had a hard time seeing that not all white people are "devils." But after struggle, he got to the point where he was at least willing to talk to whites about the need for socialist revolution. To his surprise, he found himself mentoring a younger white prisoner and corresponding with white revolutionaries. He did not join the Party, however, until he felt certain he could uphold the Party's stand on proletarian internationalism. He said it felt like a burden had been lifted from him.

"Pantherism" is about love for the people. We hate social injustice. We hate what this system does to people and what it makes people do. "Pantherism" is applicable to all communities of oppressed people — including poor whites.

Red Onion is possibly the worst-run prison in Amerika. Set deep in the mountains of rural Appalachian Virginia, Red Onion is a super-max prison filled with urban Blacks and staffed by rural whites hostile to anything Black. A brother there even had his copy of the *Afro-American Encyclopedia* confiscated as "gang-related contraband." Both Comrades "Rashid" and "Khaysi" have federal law suits pending for civil rights violations and unlawful interference with their mail.

Unprovoked assaults by guards on inmates are not uncommon at Red Onion. As is common in super-max prisons, the prisoners are put into individual rec-cages to take their exercise on the yard. Guards are never supposed to enter a rec-cage with an unshackled prisoner, so it was natural for Comrade "Khaysi" to resist when a guard attempted to do so, saying he was going to teach Khaysi to "respect" him.

The guard in the gun-tower saw "Khaysi" scuffling with the guard and opened fire on him. The report is that a bullet grazed his skull and he was wounded in the arm and the hip. The guard who tried

to force entry into "Khaysi's" cage has been discharged, and allegedly, "Khaysi" is now being threatened by his friends and relatives who work at Red Onion, and he is requesting transfer to another facility because of this.

You can help by contacting the Attorney General of Virginia and demanding a full investigation of this incident and the pattern of racist oppression and guard violence against unarmed prisoners at Red Onion. Contact:

Office of the Attorney General  
900 East Main Street  
Richmond, VA 23219  
(804) 786-2071

And you can send the brother some love by writing:

Kelvin "Khaysi" Canada #218813  
Red Onion State Prison  
PO Box 1900  
Pound, VA 24279

## Who Are We?

By Comrade Khaysi

Who are we?

Are we a class of people content with stagnation, oppression, self-hatred, sexism, racism, vulgar materialism and genocidal wars?

Or are we a class that believes in the value of preservation of human lives, in social equality, religious freedom, racial harmony and equal opportunity?

Who are we?

Are we a class who defines ourselves by the ill-advised choices and mistakes we may have made in our lives?

Or are we a class who believes in transcending such things to strive to be the best human beings we can be and assets to our communities?

Who are we?

Are we a class to be swept by nationalism and "blind patriotism" to condone and support imperialist wars of aggression against 3<sup>rd</sup> World countries and genocide against innocent men, women and kids under the pretext of waging a "war on terrorism?"

Or are we a class that is intrepid enough to stand up and speak out against imperialist wars and genocidal acts and assert that people's lives are more valuable than oil companies' profits.

Who are we?

Are we a class that is content to allow the foreclosure epidemic created by the greed of capitalist bosses in companies like Fanny Mae and Freddie Mac, AIG, Lehman Bros., Washington Mutual, etc. and the corrupt government officials who lured working people into investing and losing their money on homes they could not afford to pay back the loans for?

Who are we?



Are we a class of people that are going to continue to permit our government to run up the national debt to finance wars that never should have been started in the first place and building and filling more - and more horrible - prisons in the name of "national security?"

Are we a class who will stand for millions of American men, women and children being left without basic health care insurance and sufficient social security benefits, of children without proper education or the possibility of getting a college education because they can't afford the cost?

Who are we?

Are we a class that is going to continue paying outrageous prices for gas at the pump while every quarter Exxon and other oil companies net record profits in the history of corporate America?

Who are we?

Are we a class who will silently sit by and watch our government provoke another war - this time with Iran - or are we going to demand to know why it is not illegal for the U.S. and its allies like Israel, India, Pakistan to have nuclear weapons?

Who are we?

We are the working class - the Proletariat - the class that has no way to survive but to sell our labor power to the capitalist class - the Bourgeoisie - who exploit us and oppress us and dictate to all of society.

We greatly outnumber them, but they own the mass media, dominate the churches and the educational systems. They tell us what to think and how to feel about issues. Their pundits and "spin doctors" shape public opinion.

But we are the ones with the real power - if we dare to organize and unite around our real class interests. So ask yourself:

Who are we?

**WE ARE THE PROLETARIAT!** Say it with pride. Say it with the knowledge that we are the class of the future.

Tell you children. Tell them to be proud, because we are the productive class in society, the most democratic and revolutionary class in history.

We are men and women of all races, all trades and skills who hail from everywhere. We are the dock workers, the miners and mill workers, the carpenters and brick layers, the farmworkers and fishermen, we make the cloth and sew the clothes, drive the trucks and cook the food. We dig ditches and operate cranes, build ships and provide daycare for children. Some of us are veterans and some of us have been or are in prisons.

We are the class with the potential to transform all of society and end all oppression - to create prosperity, social justice and peace for all. **THAT IS WHO WE ARE!**

Kelivin "Khaysi" Canada #218813  
Red Onion State Prison  
PO Box 1900  
Pound, VA 24279



## ***Not Whistlin' Dixie!***

Building the infrastructure of NABPP-PC and broadening the base of the United Panther Movement are our principle tasks right now. To accomplish this we are in the process of forming an "Old South," (as opposed to the "Deep South"), Regional Organizing Committee of the United Panther Movement to consolidate the advances being made in Virginia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Kentucky and Maryland. Comrade X (Xavier Todd), who is chairman of the TN Branch Committee of NABPP-PC and editor of its newsletter "Black Print," will head up the committee and edits its newsletter, "Not Whistlin' Dixie!"

The "Old South" is a region rich in the history of struggle against the national oppression of New Afrikan people and class struggle against wage slavery. It was the scene of many slave revolts and the struggles of sharecroppers, textile workers and coal miners.

Much has been written about the emergence of a "New South," but for poor Black folks, not that much has really changed. The "New Plantations" are just as oppressive as the old ones. Cops and prison guards still get away with murder and torture of the slaves. Voting rights are still denied. Discrimination and racial slurs are still common, and many still live in dire poverty.

The old game of playing the poor whites against the poor Blacks is still going on. Native Americans - like the Lumbees and Cherokees - still suffer national oppression. Religious intolerance is still promoted and congregations like the Rastas and Muslims suffer persecution.

Unemployment is high - particularly for minority youth - and immigrants are discriminated against - particularly the dark-skinned ones. In general, there is a crying need for the sort of revolutionary leadership that the United Panther Movement can provide. There is a need for community-based (and intercommunally-linked) people's power.

The "Old South" is a favorite recruiting ground for the military, and both the military-industrial complex and the prison-





industrial complex are big employers in the region. A perverse sort of patriotism that combines nostalgia for the Confederacy and support for U.S. global imperialism is widely promoted. In short, there are a lot of reactionary hold-overs that need to be challenged. Like Mao said: "Everthing Reactionary Is the Same, If You Don't Hit It, It Won't Fall!"

The United Panther Movement is an umbrella for different organizations under the leadership of the NABPP-PC or in which the Party plays an influential role:

Uniting the Black community is the special purpose of the New Afrikan Service Org. (NASO). Based on support for the Black Panther 10 Point Program, NASO is a democratic organization that promotes the establishment of "Serve The People" (STP) survival programs in the Black community, based upon self-reliance and community-based people's power. Each chapter can decide what programs it wants to sponsor and what campaigns it wants to take on. The goal is to unite as broad a spectrum of factions in the Black community as possible.

The White Panther Org. (WPO) is the arm of the Party dedicated to working among the white prisoners and poor whites generally. It has a special responsibility for building the Appalachian People's Service Org. (APSO) in the "poverty pockets" of Appalachia.

The Red Heart Warriors' Society (RHWS) is a prison-based inter-tribal organization dedicated to orienting the Native warriors of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century. It needs to extend its reach into the outside Indian communities — particularly among the youth. This work overlaps with that of the Brown Panther Organizing Committee (BPOC), which is being formed to represent the Party among the Spanish-speaking population.

The Party is also calling for the formation of a Red Fist Alliance (RFA) among members of the street and prison tribes to take the Gang Truce Movement farther and ideologically and politically reorient these youth to Serve The People and be part of the United Panther Movement. The RFA will initiate STP programs of its own and support the work of others. It will function on the basis of consensus with each tribe maintaining its independence and internal structure.

Among the smaller fry, every organization should work to sponsor and build the Warrior Youth Org. (WYO), particularly in the high schools and middle schools and in the youth camps. The WYO should involve youth in progressive and healthy social activities and community service projects as well as promote revolutionary study and discussion.

Another goal of the UPM is the building up of the Human Rights Coalition (HRC) into a strong national alliance to fight for prisoner's human and democratic civil rights. Initiated by former BPP/BLA political prisoner Russell "Maroon" Shoats, HRC aims to organize the families of prisoners and community activists into a powerful front of struggle against state oppression and the "New Slavery."

These do not limit the possibilities of what the UPM will include. This is just the beginning. Building the infrastructure of the Prison Chapter is the key to advancing the overall movement and laying the foundation for a Founding Congress of the Party.

In any movement, somebody has got to be out in front, and right now the comrades in the "Old South" region are playing

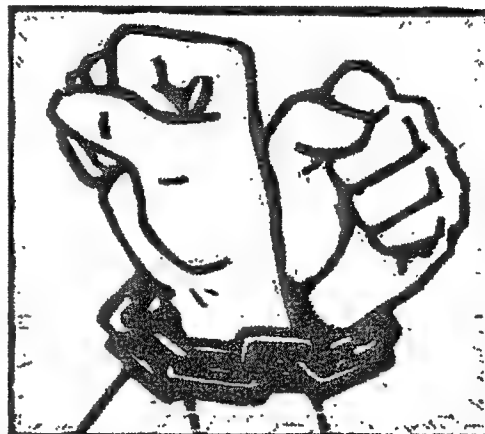
a vanguard role and setting an example for comrades in the other regions of the country to follow. In particular, the comrades of the "Volunteer State" (Tenn.) are playing an outstanding role.

Comrades from throughout the "Old South" should contact Comrade X and request to be put on the mailing list for "Not Whistlin' Dixie!" Those who have articles, poems or artwork they would like to have considered for publication should send him copies (don't send your originals!). If you can afford to, send donations to help cover the cost of printing and postage.

**DARE TO STRUGGLE DARE TO WIN!**

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**

TN Branch NABPP-PC  
PO Box 301352  
Memphis, TN 38130



**THE NEW AFRIKAN BLACK PANTHER PARTY:**

**By Xavier Todd**

**Chairman of Tennessee State Branch Committee  
NABPP-PC**

Reprinted from Black Print Vol. #1 Jan. 2010

Natural science is one of man's weapons in his fight for freedom. For the purpose of attaining freedom in society, man must use social science to understand and change society. For the purpose of attaining freedom in the world of nature, man must use natural science to understand, conquer, and change nature and thus attain freedom.

The New Afrikan Black Panther Party is an aboveground legal movement. We do not condemn any illegal activities by others. NABPP stands for liberation of Afrikan, New Afrikan, and oppressed people everywhere. We are not racists and our organization isn't based on any religious sectors. In this struggle for international socialism, we are armed with the ideology and theoretical views of Marxism-Leninism-Maoism.

If there is to be a revolution, there must be a revolutionary party. The NABPP is reaching out to the "masses of people" internationally. We ask all who have experienced racial oppression and been denied the rights of self-determination, civil democratic rights, human rights, economic rights, and



political rights to join us in this international class struggle to manufacture a revolution. We will stand united against capitalism and imperialism. There are different methods to resolve these contradictions before us. For instance, these are six factors of revolutionary success summed up by General Vo Nguyen Giap of Vietnam:

A just cause

A people's army

A united front

A government recognized by the people

A Marxist-Leninist party

The support of the people worldwide

The contradiction between the colonies and imperialism is resolved by the method of the International Revolutionary War. The contradiction between the proletariat and bourgeoisie is resolved by the method of the National Revolutionary War. The contradiction of the great masses of people and the feudal system is resolved by the method of democratic revolution. The contradiction between the working class and the peasant class in socialist society is resolved by collectivization and mechanization in agriculture. The contradictions within the New Afrikan Black Panther Party are resolved by criticism and self-criticism. The contradiction between society and nature is resolved by the method of developing production. United, we can resolve the contradictions of the Afrikan, New Afrikan, and all oppressed people internationally.

Mao teaches in the Red Book, *War and Peace*, that war is a continuation of politics. In this sense, war is politics and war itself is a political action. Since ancient times, there has never been a war that did not have a political character.

But war itself has its own particular characteristics, and it cannot be equated with politics in general. When politics develops to a stage beyond which it cannot proceed by the usual means, war breaks out to sweep the obstacles away. When the obstacle is removed and our political aim attained, the war will stop. But if the obstacle is not completely swept away, the war will have to continue until the aim is fully accomplished. It can therefore be said that politics is war without bloodshed while war is politics with bloodshed.

We stand united in peace seeking political power, economic power for the masses of the people, and liberation for Afrikan, New Afrikan, and all oppressed people. Let's Unite and Organize!

This is the hour that we must "seize the time," to agitate, educate, and organize, incorporating international socialism under the dictatorship of the Proletariat and Vanguard Party. We have a world to win for better living, better health care, better schools for the youth, better wages for the masses of the people overall – we must make revolution by taking from the one percent and giving to the ninety-nine percent.

Mao teaches that our party organizations must be extended all over the country, and we must purposely train tens of thousands of cadres and leaders versed in Marxism-Leninism, politically far-sighted, competent in work, full of spirit of self-sacrifice, capable of taking problems on their own, and devoted in serving the nation, the cadres, and the

party. It is on these cadres and leaders that the party relies, on its links with the membership and the masses, and it is by relying on the firm leadership of the masses that the party can succeed in defeating the enemy. Such cadres and leaders must be free from selfishness, from individualistic heroism, ostentation, sloth, passivity, and sectarian arrogance, and they must be selfless, national, and class heroes, such are the qualities and style of work demanded by the members, cadres, and leaders of our party.- Mao Tse Tung

We are confronted with two types of social contradictions – those between the people ourselves and the enemy and those among the people themselves. The two are totally different in their nature.

"To understand the two different types of contradictions correctly, we must first be clear on what is meant by 'the people' and what is meant by 'the enemy.' At the present stage, the period of building socialism, the class, strata, and social groups which favor, support, and work for the cause of socialist construction all come with the category of the people, while the social forces and groups, which resist the socialist construction, are all enemies of the people.

In the political life of our people, how should right be distinguished from wrong in one's words and actions? On the basis of the principles of our constitution, the will of the overwhelming majority of our people and common political positions which have been proclaimed on various occasions by our political parties and groups, we consider that, broadly speaking, the criteria should be as follows:

1. Words and deeds should help to unite, and not divide, the people of all our nationalities.
2. They should be beneficial, and not harmful, to the socialist transformation and socialist construction.
3. They should help to consolidate, and not undermine or weaken, the people democratic dictatorship and centralism.
4. They should help to strengthen, and not shake off or weaken, the leadership of the Communist Party.
5. They should be beneficial, and not harmful, to the international socialist unity and the unity of the peace-loving people of the world.

Of these five criteria, the most important are the socialist path and the leadership of the Party."

Comrades, these are quotes from "Mao's Red Book" on the correct handling of contradictions among the people and cadres. Let's over stand, unite and organize! Dare to struggle! Dare to Win! Panther Love!

"Settle all your quarrels, come together and understand the reality of our situations, understand that fascism is already here, that people are dying who could be saved, and more will die or live poor, butchered, half-lives, if you fail to act. Do whatever must be done; discover your humanity, and your love for the revolution. Pass the torch by giving up your life for the people." – George Jackson

United we stand, opposing the bourgeoisie exploiting us by underpaying us with wages, barely enough to pay our survival needs, living check to check, struggling in this wage



crisis to support our households without putting forth the correct method to resolve the contradiction at hand. We can never be so repressed that we can't stand against injustice. Having been enslaved, living off the sweat, blood, tears, robbery of self-knowledge, our culture, lost of our spiritual names, spiritual cultivation system, Afrikan morals, and practices. We are here in the North American continent. United we stand against oppression to make this a better world for ourselves and the youth. In our struggle to budge the stagnation, we must agitate, educate, and organize, to build a mass base infrastructure internationally.

Mao quote – "The unification of our country, the unity of our people and the unity of various nationalities – these are basic guarantees for the sure triumph of our cause."

"The time for acting is now!" – Frantz Fanon

We ask that all Panthers come to the "Panther Den." We are calling on tens of thousands of potential Panthers in Tenn. We got to put the fire of injustice out in Tenn. Chairman Fred Hampton of the Original BPP said that "you do not fight fire with fire. We use water to put the fire out." We need a mass-base of brothers, sisters, and youth to help put the fire of injustice out by revolutionizing ourselves then practicing theory, summing up practice to get a grasp of concrete reality – of the conditions that were contending, to change through revolution. We are seeking to make cultural, social, economic and political revolution.

In order to truly understand what a Panther is, one must understand that a Panther is anyone that has felt the yoke of capitalism-colonialism, been denied political rights, the rights of self-determination, and felt the yoke of racial oppression. A Panther is a mother, son, daughter, father, and cousin. We stand on the principle of from the masses to the masses. We are servants of the people. We love the people. A Panther is humble. When the people are threatened, the Panthers spring into action until the threat is eliminated.

As Chairman of the Tennessee State Branch Committee, I am calling on the masses to aid in building a mass-based infrastructure here in Tennessee, creating base areas of economic, political, social and cultural revolution. Let's build a chapter in every city, county jail, and prison in Tenn. and win the youth to be servants of the people. These chapters are needed here in the South the birth place of racial injustice in Amerika, where at one time white Amerika practiced violence and racism and assassinated one of our most prominent leaders, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and where "Jim Crow" laws were the law of the land. Although there have been minor changes through our struggle for liberation and political power, we still must unite and make a better world and smash Capitalism and imperialism to realize the ten-point platform of NABPP- PC.

We all know that without struggle, we will not have any progress. The New Afrikan and all oppressed people have to unite and turn up the tension on the oppressor to show by example that we want revolution and we want it now. The continuous monopolizing of goods and distribution needs to be in the hands of the proletariat (working class) to make sure everyone gets a fair share to support their household. The question at hand is: How is it that anyone on this Earth

is doing without? Without shelter? Without food? Without health care? Without public economic resources?

Better yet, "How is it the Capitalists have the majority of our people thinking that reform and revisionism is revolution?" It is not!

Injustice is against us, the Afrikan, New Afrikan, and all oppressed people. The Capitalist-Imperialist don't honor their own laws nor does the capitalist honor the U.S.A.C or the Constitution in the State they reside. This means that the Capitalist-Imperialists think they are above the laws that this country are governed by. Therefore, they need correcting by the masses, who need to have the power to correct these bloodsuckers. Today we must choose sides, stay with the oppressor, or unite with the revolutionaries to bring a change.

Mao teaches that: "Commandism is wrong in any type of work because in overstepping the level of political conscious of the masses and violating the principle of voluntary mass action, it reflects the disease of impetuosity. Our comrades must not assume that everything they themselves understand is understood by the masses. Whether the masses understand and are ready to take action can be discovered only by going into their midst and making investigations. If we do so, we avoid commandism. Tailism in any type of work is also wrong, because in failing below the level of political consciousness of the masses and violating the principle of leading the masses forward it reflects the disease of dilatoriness. Our comrades must not assume that the masses out strip us and are eager to advance a step when our comrades are still tailing behind a step, for instead of acting as leaders of the masses, such comrades reflect the views of those backward elements and, moreover, mistake them for those of the broad masses." – Mao Tse Tung's "Red Book"

Our ancestors are the founders of civilization and we get treated like we are the scum of the earth. Let's unite and stop injustice. The time is now to choose sides with the NABPP or OPPRESSOR. Let's build NABPP in every city and county in Tennessee.

Mao teaches that: "All our cadres, whatever their rank, are servants of the people, and whatever we do is to serve the people. How then can we be reluctant to discard any of our bad traits? All men must die, but death can vary in its significance. The ancient Chinese writer Szuma Chein said, 'Though death befalls all men alike, it may be weightier than Mount Tai or lighter than a feather.' To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather."

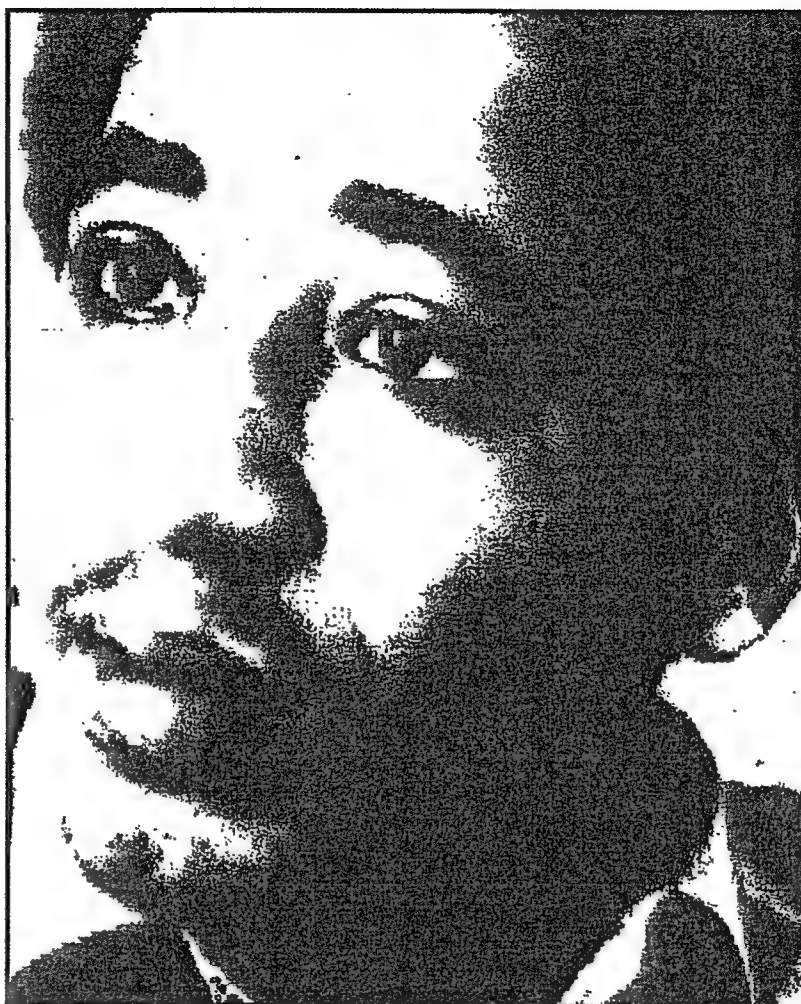
We got to form a mass line, stand up against the oppressor to stop the unjust acts towards Afrikan, New Afrikan, and all oppressed people. I am willing to stand on the front line, with all that are willing to stand up side by side. United we stand for liberation, social, economic, culture revolution: Until death do us part. The revolutionary, they can kill. The revolution, they cannot kill. Dare to struggle! Dare to win!

Panther Love!

Comrade X

TN Branch NABPP-PC  
PO Box 301352  
Memphis, TN 38130





**Comrade George Jackson 1941-1971**

George Jackson was found guilty of stealing 70 dollars from a gas station when he was 18 years old. He was sentenced to "one year to life" in prison. He spent the rest of his life in prison.

While in California's Soledad Prison, he and W. L. Nolen founded the original Black Panther Party Prison Chapter. On January 13<sup>th</sup> 1970, Comrade Nolen and two other Black prisoners were killed by a prison guard. A few days later, the Monterey County Grand Jury ruled it "justifiable homicide."

When another guard was founded murdered, it was claimed that he was killed by George Jackson, John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo in retaliation for Nolen's assassination. The three became known as the "Soledad Brothers."

On August 7<sup>th</sup>, 1970, George's little brother, 17 year-old Jonathan Jackson, burst into a Marin County courtroom with a sub-machine-gun and took the judge hostage, demanding freedom for the Soledad Brothers. He and the judge were gunned down along with other hostages and prisoners who joined the revolt.

A year later, on August 21<sup>st</sup>, George Jackson was gunned down on the prison yard in San Quentin during an alleged escape attempt. It was claimed that Angela Davis smuggled him in a gun, but she was acquitted of these charges.

**Huey P. Newton on, *The Murder of George Jackson* (28th August 1971)**

When I went to prison in 1967, I met George. Not physically, I met him through his ideas, his thoughts and words that I would get from him. He was at Soledad Prison at the time; I was at California Penal Colony.

George was a legendary figure all through the prison system, where he spent most of his life. You know a

legendary figure is known to most people through the idea, or through the concept, or essentially through the spirit. So I met George through the spirit.

I say that the legendary figure is also a hero. He set a standard for prisoners, political prisoners, for people. He showed the love, the strength, the revolutionary fervor that's characteristic of any soldier for the people. So we know that spiritual things can only manifest themselves in some physical act, through a physical mechanism. I saw prisoners



who knew about this legendary figure, act in such a way, putting his ideas to life; so therefore the spirit became a life.

And I would like to say today George's body has fallen, but his spirit goes on, because his ideas live. And we will see that these ideas stay alive, because they'll be manifested in our bodies and in those young Panther bodies, who are our children. So it's a true saying that there will be revolution from one generation to the next.

What kind of standard did George Jackson set? First, that he was a strong man, he was determined, full of love, strength, dedication to the people's cause, without fear. He lived the life that we must praise. It was a life, no matter how he was oppressed, no matter how wrongly he was done, he still kept the love for the people. And this is why he felt no pain in giving up his life for the people's cause.

The state sets the sage for the kind of contradiction or violence that occurs in the world, that occurs in the prisons. The ruling circle of the United States has terrorized the world. The state has the audacity to say they have the right to kill. They say they have a death penalty and it's legal. But I say by the laws of nature that no death penalty can be legal — it's only cold-blooded murder. It gives spur to all sorts of violence, because every man has a contract with himself, that he must keep himself alive at all costs.

They have the audacity to say that people should deliver a life to them without a struggle; but none of us can accept that. George Jackson had every right, every right to do everything possible to preserve his life and the life of his comrades, the life of the People.

George Jackson, even after his death, you see, is going on living in a very real way; because after all, the greatest thing that we have is the idea and our spirit, because it can be passed on. Not in the superstitious sense, but in the sense that when we say something or we live a certain way, then when this can be passed on to another person, then life goes on. And that person somehow lives, because the standard that he set and the standard that he lived by will go on living ...

Even with George's last statement — his last statement to me — at San Quentin that day, that terrible day, he left a standard for political prisoners; he left a standard for the prisoner society of racist, reactionary America; surely he left a standard for the liberation armies of the world. He showed us how to act.



Huey P. Newton

## **HUEY ON ANARCHISTS AND INDIVIDUALISTS AS RELATED TO REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE AND THE BLACK LIBERATION MOVEMENT**

By Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense BPP  
March 1, 1968

We should understand that there is a difference between the rebellion of the anarchists and the black revolution or liberation of the black colony. This is a class society; it always has been. This reactionary class society places its limitations on individuals, not just in terms of their occupation, but also regarding self-expression, being



mobile, and being free to really be creative and do anything they want to do.

The class society prevents this. This is true not only for the mass of lower or subjugated class. It is also true within the ruling class, the master class. That class also limits the freedom of the individual souls of the people which comprise it.

In the upper class, the individuals always try to free themselves from these limitations – the artificial limitations placed upon [them] through external sources: Namely, some hierarchy that goes by the name of State or Governmental Administration.

In America, we have not only a class society, we also have a caste system, and black people are fitted into the lowest caste. They have no mobility for going up the class ladder. They have no privilege to enter into the ruling structure at all.

Within the ruling class they're objecting (resisting?) because the people have found they're completely subjugated to the will of the administration and to its manipulators. This brings about a very strange phenomenon in America. That is, many of the rebelling white students and the anarchists are the offspring of the master class. Surely most of them have a middle class background and some even upper class. They see the limitations imposed upon them and now they're striving, as all men must strive, to get freedom of the soul, freedom of expression, and freedom of movement, without the artificial limitations from antique values.

Blacks and colored people in America, confined within the caste system, are discriminated against as a whole group of people. It's not a question of individual freedom, as it is for the children of the upper classes. We haven't reached the point of trying to free ourselves individually because we're dominated and oppressed as a group of people.

Part of the people of this country – which is a great part – part of the youth themselves: But they're not doing this as a group of people, because as a group they're already free to an extent. Their problem is not a group problem really, because they can easily integrate into the structure. Potentially they're mobile enough to do this: They're the educated ones, the "future of the country," and so forth. They can easily gain a certain amount of power over the society by integrating into the rulership circle.

But they see that even within the rulership circle there are still antique values that have no respect for individualism. They find themselves subjugated. No matter what class they're in they find themselves subjugated because of the nature of class society. So their fight is to free the individual's soul.

This brings about another problem. They're being ruled by an alien source that has nothing to do with the freedom of individual expression. They want to escape this, to overturn this, but they see no need to form a structure or a real, disciplined vanguard movement. Their reasoning is that by setting up a disciplined organization they feel they'd be replacing the old structure with other limitations. They fear they'd be setting themselves up as directing the people, therefore limiting the individual again.

But what they don't understand, or it seems they don't understand, is as long as the military-industrial complex

exists, than the structure of oppression of the individual will continue. An individual would be threatened even if he were to achieve his freedom he's seeking. He'll be threatened because there will be an organized lower group there ready to strip him of his individual freedom at any moment.

In Cuba, they had a revolution, they had a vanguard group that was a disciplined group, and they realized that the state won't disappear until imperialism is completely wiped out, structurally and philosophically, or the bourgeois thoughts won't be changed. Once imperialism is wiped out, they can have their communist state and the state or territorial boundaries will disappear.

In this country the anarchists seem to feel that if they just express themselves individually and tend to ignore the limitations imposed on them, without leadership and without discipline they can oppose the very disciplined, organized, reactionary state. This isn't true. They will be oppressed as long as imperialism exists. You cannot oppose a system such as this... with[out] organization that's even more extremely disciplined and dedicated than the structure you're opposing.

I can understand the anarchists wanting to go directly from state to non-state, but historically it's incorrect. As far as I'm concerned, thinking of the recent French Revolution [1968], the reason the French uprising failed is simply because the anarchists in the country, who by definition had no organization, had no people that were reliable enough as far as the masses of people were concerned, to replace DeGaulle and his government. Now the people were skeptical about the Communist Party and other progressive parties, because they didn't side with the people of medium living. They lagged behind the people, so they lost the respect of the people, and the people looked for guidance from the students and anarchists.

But the anarchists were unable to offer a structural program to replace the DeGaulle government. So the people were forced to turn back to DeGaulle. It wasn't the people's fault; it was Cohn-Bendit's fault and all the other anarchists who thought they could go from state to non-state.

In this country – getting back home to North America now – we can side with the student radicals. We would try to encourage them and persuade them to organize and wield a sharp cutting tool.

In order to do this, they would have to be disciplined and they would have at least some philosophical replacement of the system. This is not to say this itself will free the individual. The individual will not be free until the state does not exist at all, and I think – I don't want to be redundant – this cannot be replaced by the anarchists right away.

As far as the blacks are concerned, we are not hung up on attempting to actualize or express our individual souls because we're oppressed not as individuals but as a whole group of people. Our evolution, or our liberation, is based first on freeing our group – freeing our group to a certain degree. After we gain our liberation, our people will not be free. I can imagine into the future that the blacks will rebel against the organized leadership that the blacks themselves have structured. They will see there will be limitations, limiting their





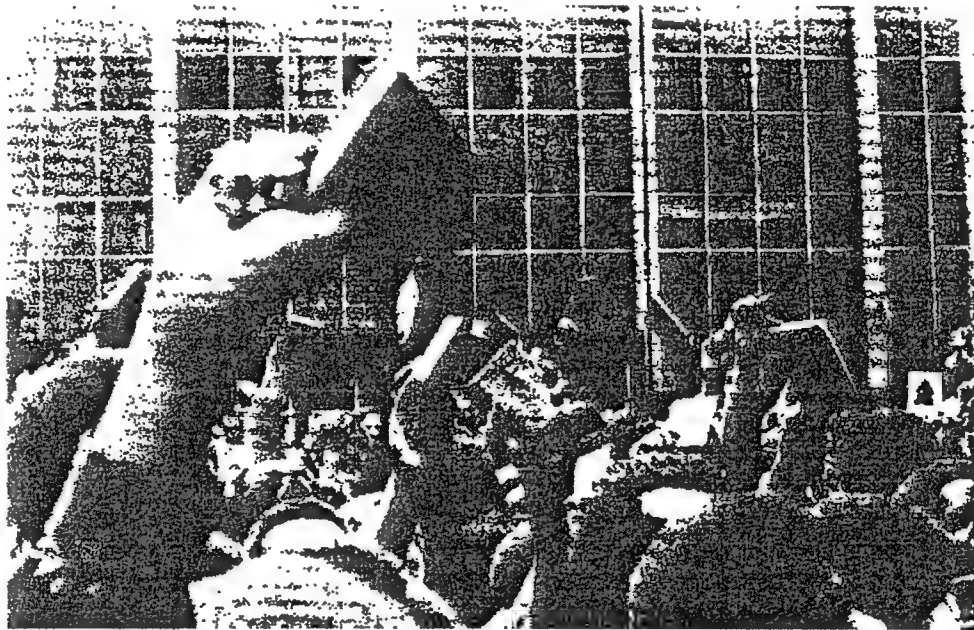
individual selves, and limiting their freedom of expression. But this is only after they become free as a group.

This is what makes our group different from the white anarchist — besides he views his group as already free. Now he's striving for freedom of his individual self, we're fighting for a group freedom. In the future there will probably be a rebellion where blacks will say, "Well, our leadership is limiting our freedom, because of the rigid discipline. Now that we've gained our freedom we will strive for individualistic freedom that has nothing to do with an organized group or state." And the group will be disorganized as it should be.

But at this point we stress discipline, we stress organization, we do not stress psychedelic drugs, and all the other things that have to do with just the individual expression of the

mind. We're trying to gain true liberation of a group of people, and this makes our struggle somewhat different from the whites.

Now, how is it the same? It's the same in the fact that both of us are striving for freedom. They will not be free — the white anarchists will not be free — until we are free, so that makes our fight their fight really. The imperialists and the bourgeois, bureaucratic, capitalistic system would not give them individual freedom while they keep a whole group of people based upon race/color oppressed as a group. How can they expect to get individual freedom when the imperialists oppress whole nations of people? Until we gain liberation as a group they won't gain any liberation as an individual person. So this makes our fight the same, and we must keep this in perspective, and always see the similarities and the differences in it.



Black Panthers holding high Mao's Red Book on May Day 1969 in San Francisco



## Seattle Black Panther Party

Excerpts from *Memoirs of a Black Panther* the unpublished autobiography of Aaron Dixon, Chairman Seattle Chapter of the Black Panther Party

### Chapter 11: The Panther Emerges

Several days later 15 to 20 students and others involved in SNCC rented several cars through the BSU. Elmer disconnected the mileage gauge so that we would not be charged for the mileage we were getting ready to rack up. We headed to San Francisco to attend the second annual



west coast Black Student Union Conference. Anthony Ware had attended the first West Coast conference in '67 in Los Angeles. He'd told us about the disagreement between two organizations that almost led to bloodshed. One of the organizations was a cultural nationalist organization led by Maulana Ron Karenga; the other, a group called the Black Panthers for Self Defense, led by two brothers named Huey Newton and Bobby Seale.

This was the first time Elmer and I had traveled together without our parents. It was exciting being in San Francisco free of parental constraints. San Francisco was a place that young people from all over the country came to, searching for meaning, looking for their place in a conflicted society. So it was no coincidence that we were here too, searching, looking for some direction in our quest for liberation. After checking in at San Francisco State, registering and getting our housing assignments, we were assigned a driver to show us around and take us to our sleeping quarters.

Our driver was a smooth-skinned, black brother wearing a semi-short, neat afro with jet-black hair. Our car sped through the sometimes-narrow streets, swishing past street cars, past old colorful Victorian homes, and intermittent views of the Pacific Ocean. He took us through the Haight-Ashbury district, where throngs of longhaired white kids wandered through the street wearing rainbow-colored clothing. Some were hugging each other, looking glassy-eyed. Within minutes we were on Fillmore Street, filled with proud blacks, and black businesses, jazz clubs, blues clubs, barbecue joints, and corner liquor stores. Our driver pointed out significant landmarks, like the Garvey Bookstore and the Black Muslim Mosque.

When we asked if he knew any Panthers, he began to open up more. "Yea, I know a lot of the Panthers. Matter a fact we goin' to raid a Hell's Angels house tonight," as he showed us some bullets. He also pulled out a beret. "They're havin' a funeral tomorrow over in Oakland for a Panther killed by the police." Finally he dropped Anthony, Kathy Jones, Gary Owens, Elmer and me off at the black professor's house where we were staying, not far from the college, and said good night.

The next day Elmer, Anthony, and I tried to find some workshops that we were interested in. We even sat in on a couple, but left disappointed. We could not find one that was interesting to us. Or at least, not one that seemed to fill our needs. We decided to drive one of the rented cars to Oakland and check out the funeral of the slain Panther, Bobby Hutton. Larry Gossett and Gary Owens and a few other BSU members went with us. After driving across the Bay Bridge and into west Oakland, we spotted a small church in the distance. As we got closer we could see a group of black men in leather coats and black berets. Earlier, Elmer, Anthony and I had gone out and bought some berets. We pulled them out and put them on. As we got closer we saw Marlon Brando, my mother's favorite actor, dressed in a black leather coat and black beret, standing out in front of the church talking to a tall black man that we later learned was Bobby Seale, the chairman of the Black Panthers.

We got out and quietly entered into the small white church. Inside was dark, packed full of mourners standing, and on both sides of the church were black men dressed in black leather jackets and black pants and powder blue shirts, with

black berets. They stood half at attention, their eyes focused toward the front, where a brown casket held the body of the murdered young Panther.

In the center front of the church a group of older, heavysset, black women were bunched together, wailing uncontrollably, reaching for the hand that could not reach back.

We stood there listening to the preacher as he gave his eulogy over the soft cries that sometimes erupted into loud shrieks. The faces of the young men and women in black were unchanged, almost emotionless. We fell into the procession as it wound its way to the front, past the casket. I looked into the casket of the one known as "Little Bobby."

He was so young looking, yet he had an oldness about him, his face uneven and almost swollen. The cries of Mrs. Hutton filled my ears, almost blocking out everything else. We quickly left the church and in silence headed back to San Francisco.

On the way back, I looked through the Black Panther paper that was being handed out, and read the story of Bobby Hutton. How he had joined this organization at 14 and risen to the position of minister of finance, and how he and the Panthers' minister of information, Eldridge Cleaver, were cornered in an abandoned house by the police and overcome by tear gas. Bobby Hutton was shot numerous times despite coming out of the house unarmed and with his arms up.

Later that evening we went back to San Francisco State to await the keynote address of Bobby Seale. Those of us who had gone to the funeral were in a somber mood. Looking into the casket of Bobby Hutton was almost like looking into a vision of the movement, and it was not what we had expected. It was not the glory and the victory we had romanticized about.

It began to get dark outside. Bobby Seale was already an hour late. We were wondering if the Panthers were going to show up. Maybe something else had happened. Maybe the police attacked the brothers again. Elmer, Anthony, and I found a corner of the auditorium and stood quietly talking, waiting for the messenger. Finally the doors to the auditorium flung open. In walked Bobby Seale followed by a handful of brothers and sisters. I recognized the tall, light brown sister with the big brown Afro as Kathleen Cleaver, the wife of Eldridge Cleaver. I had seen her picture in the Black Panther paper. She said very little as she almost glided across the room. Next to her was a Panther walking with a limp. I would later learn that his name was Warren Wells, one of the brothers wounded in the shootout. The entourage moved quietly, almost sullenly, occasionally whispering among themselves.

The Panthers spread out across the audience as Bobby Seale took the center of the stage after being introduced by Jimmy Johnson, the Black Student Union president at San Francisco State. Bobby Seale looked tired and beleaguered.

"All Power to the People, brothers and sisters.

"We just came from burying our comrade, Little Bobby Hutton, who was murdered by a bunch of racist, fascist pigs. The pigs murdered our Little Bobby despite the fact that he was unarmed, despite the fact that he had his hands up. The pigs also shot and wounded the minister of information,



comrade Eldridge Cleaver, who is locked up in the Alameda County Jail, along with 7 other party members including our national captain, David Hilliard.

"The comrades were transporting supplies in preparation for a rally for Huey P. Newton at DeFremery Park when they were ambushed by a bunch of low-life racist pigs.

"They killed little Bobby because they knew little Bobby was a revolutionary who wasn't afraid of confronting the pig power structure.

"Huey taught us that we have a right to defend ourselves, that we have a right to defend our community. Huey said the pigs occupy our community like a foreign troop occupies foreign territory. The pigs aren't there to protect us. They're there in our community to protect the interest of the pig power structure and the avaricious pig businessman.

"Brother Malcolm didn't take no shit. Brother Malcolm was a revolutionary brother. He understood that racist white America would do whatever it has to do to maintain the power structure. Brother Malcolm also knew that we are in an international struggle for the rights of all people. Whether you be black, brown, red, white, all oppressed people have a right to live decently. Brother Huey understood that. Brother Huey knew we had to go forth and organize the brothers on the block, the brothers that don't have any interest in this racist system.

"Black intellectuals always want to analyze... *The hypothesis for this matter is...*' That's a bunch of bullshit! We don't need to analyze this shit. We don't need to intellectualize. We need to get serious. We need to organize. We need to pick up some guns!"

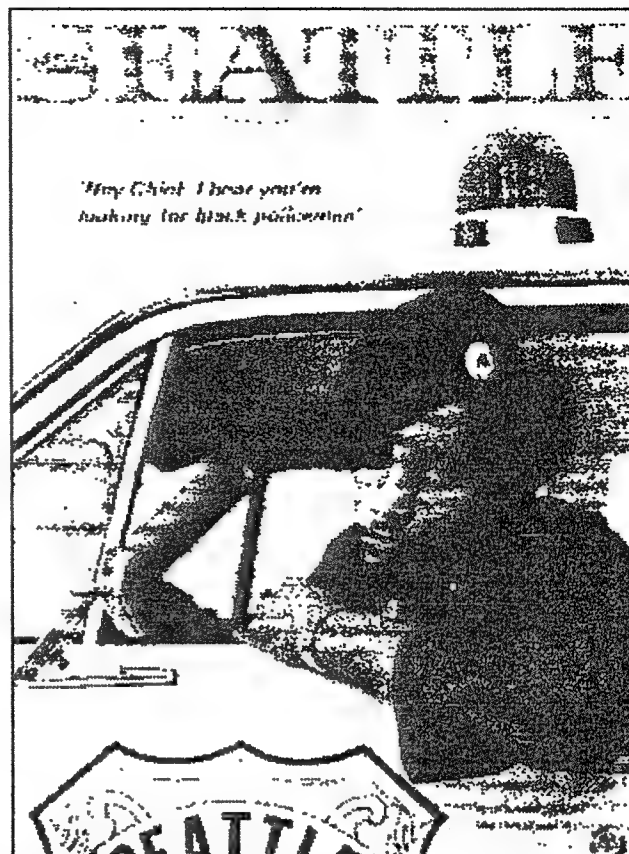
I looked out at the crowd as the tall, rangy Bobby Seale continued, contorting his face, using his hands to punctuate his ideas and the philosophy of the Panthers. Some in the audience were becoming uncomfortable. Others were mesmerized, just as I was, listening to every word that Mr. Seale had to say.

At one point, he stopped speaking. "Who got something to drink in here?" as he took off his leather jacket and loosened his black tie. I remembered about the vodka I had bought for Mommy and Poppy. I went over to the corner where my belongings were and reached in the bag and pulled out a quart of vodka. I handed it to a Panther brother standing next to me. He handed it to Bobby Seale. He opened the bottle and took a long swig. Soon the bottle was going around the room. It came back to me and I followed suit and took a swig of the tasteless alcohol.

Bobby Seale was loosening up. He became more animated. His facial expression began to soften. He talked about his being a drummer and a comedian and his stint in the Air Force. He talked about Martin Luther King and the Kennedy brothers, and for a few seconds he portrayed a black man chained up, struggling to be free.

Finally, the speech was over and the lights went on. Without thought, without hesitation, I found myself moving in a beeline to where Bobby Seale was standing.

Elmer and Anthony arrived in front of Bobby Seale at the same time. "We want a ....



Aaron Dixon poses in a police car for the cover of *Seattle Magazine*. The caption reads "Hey Chief, I hear you're looking for black policemen."

## Chapter 12: The Panthers Come To Seattle

This is what we had been waiting for whether we realized it or not.

Revolutions were unfolding all over the world. People like Ché Guevara, Ho Chi Minh, Kwame Nkrumah and Patrice Lumumba were international heroes, and Huey was poised to join that list, and we were poised to make history, and we could feel it eerily creeping behind us.

Back home from my week in Oakland, I felt energized with a purpose. I was now armed with a mission to organize the Seattle chapter into a disciplined wing of the Black Panther Party. How things would transpire, I had not the faintest idea. I was just a passenger on the train, and it just so happened that I was assigned to be at the front of this particular car. I could only hope that my eyes and some wisdom would lead us in the right direction.

First and foremost was finding a storefront office in a central location. we were fortunate to find such a place at 34<sup>th</sup> and Union in Madrona, only tree blocks from my parents' house across from Madrona Park. The storefront was across the street from Miss Ruby's house and Mrs. Jackson's record store where Michael Dean and I had spent much of our high school years listening to the latest Motown sounds and spending our hard-earned money on the latest hits. Madrona was still the same quiet working-class neighborhood. But that was all about to change.



The storefront that we had our eyes on was part of another connecting storefront that was owned by Brill Realty. Mr. Brill, the owner of the building, was never particularly friendly to anyone in the neighborhood, especially not to young people. When Willy Brazier, Chester Northington, Curtis Harria, and I approached the squat, bowlegged, pale Mr. Brill and asked him about renting the vacant office, he responded, "No, I will not rent to you," in an abrupt, dismissive manner. We left quietly as well as confidently. Later that night, a Molotov cocktail was thrown into the storefront, causing superficial damage. About a week later we approached Mr. Brill while he was repairing the building. This time he promptly agreed to rent to us.

Within days we opened our storefront office, getting several desks and chairs donated, as well as a mimeograph machine. Word spread like wildfire through the Central Area and Rainer Valley, and we began taking applications of new recruits. In those first two months we took over 300 applications.

As I had seen in Oakland, the party attracted people from a wide spectrum of the black community. Most were young black high school kids. Others were in their twenties and a few were older than 30, like Ron Carson, a smooth-skin brother who ran a local poverty program. He was known to carry several pistols, and was not one to bite his tongue. Another cat was almost forty years old. This being Seattle, it was not unusual that a handful of the new recruits were Asian – like 15 year-old Guy Kurose and Mike Gillespie and Mike Tagowa, a Vietnam vet. These guys had all grown up in our neighborhood and identified with young blacks in many ways.

Most of the new recruits signed up for a variety of reasons – some for a sense of belonging to something that instantly gave their life real meaning and purpose; some because they had felt the sting of racism, the cuts of injustice, and this was their opportunity to strike back. A few were curious. A few others had their own agendas and ideas on how the liberation struggle could benefit them personally, a view that would almost destroy the Seattle chapter.

Chester Northington, John Eichelburger, and Bruce Hayes were older cats who had been involved in other Black Nationalist organizations. I first met them at Voodoo Man's house. The Noble brothers brought two carloads of young recruits with them from the South End, including their two sisters. They would get the name of F-Troop, not because they resembled the bumbling idiots on F-Troop, the TV show, but because of their wild appearance and frequent lack of discipline.

Two seventeen year-old students, Warren Myers and Steve Phillips, would become two of our best warriors. Besides students, there were also those brothers that had been involved in street life and saw the party as their way of evening the score as well as uplifting themselves in the eyes of the community. And there was always the trickling of Vietnam vets.

The first Vietnam vets that joined up were three buddies who had grown up together, went to war together, and were fortunate to return together – Bobby White, Bobby Harding and Mike Towaga. They were invaluable in terms of experience and dedication that they brought to the chapter. Mike Towaga and Bobby Harding used their military experience to bring discipline to the young Panther recruits. They started teaching weapons classes on how to break down and clean weapons, how to aim and discharge

weapons properly. They led military marching, drilling the Panther recruits three times a week. We had to find some type of structural activity for all of the new recruits, and since we considered ourselves a semi-military organization, military-style drilling and marching was something the party adopted.

They would gather at Madrona Park, the scene of childhood memories of muddy football battles and wild baseball games and occasionally fights. Now, young men, dressed in Panther black, berets tilted to the side, were learning military formations, how to stand at attention and at ease – and, most importantly, how to follow orders.

Bobby White, a slight brother who wore prescription sunglasses with his beret tilted to one side was one of the most dynamic writers in Seattle that I had ever met. He became lieutenant of information. He took charge of the news bulletin, and of decorating the office with posters and revolutionary slogans, and painting the Panther colors on the front office and with the words "Black Panther Party" in the middle. Bobby Harding was also a writer, a poet, and often times the three of us would share our work and talk about someday getting published.

The new recruits were not just men. Many young sisters joined up. Some of the sisters were actually tougher than some of the brothers. Joyce Redman had long been known as one the baddest sisters in the neighborhood. No one wanted to mess with her because she was known to beat the hell out of her opponents, male or female. Maud Allen, articulate and hard-nosed about party rules, became the captain of the women. And there were two Kathys – Kathy Jones, still in high school, and tall, thin Kathy Halley, who was a student in college at Wilbur Forest, a black college in the Midwest. She later changed her name to Nafasi and became my close confidant, constantly worrying about my safety.

Buddy Yates and Curtis Harris were two brothers that were similar personalities, and early on it was obvious they had something else on their agenda that had very little to do with liberation of black Americans. Curtis was two years older than I, and was married to my sister. He Named himself my assistant captain, a title he made up himself. It was a move that should have alerted me and others, but we ignored it, a mistake that we would pay plenty for.

Of the many colorful individuals who signed up, none stuck out or was as committed in those early days as Lewis Jackson, LewJack as he was called. LewJack must have been around 23 years old. He had moved to Seattle from New Orleans, and he used to tell us many stories about growing up in the tough ninth ward of New Orleans. He had a tattoo of a football right below his forehead, between his eyes, thus his nickname was Football. His beady eyes would light up when he talked about the fights he had been in and what he wanted to do to the pigs. Sometimes it was hard to understand him when he talked because of his French Creole dialect. He was one of the few recruits that came with a weapon, a .45 that he carried everywhere he went. LewJack would appoint himself as my personal bodyguard and would follow me around constantly, even sleeping out in front of the house in his car when there were threats against my life.

New recruits were given a three- to four-page pamphlet with party rules, Mao's three main rules of discipline and a list of





books that were required reading. The recruits were instructed to attend weekly meetings, which never seemed to get off the ground on a consistent basis. We formed a central staff composed of appointed officers.

Theoretically, the central staff was supposed to be the guiding force of our chapter, similar to the central committee in Oakland. Of course, it never functioned as we had envisioned. There were just too many strong personalities, and at that time my personality was not strong enough to command the respect that was needed.

When Chairman Bobby was here, he had talked about an organizing tool that was used in the Algerian Revolution called the 10-10-10, which called for dividing the organizing area or community into ten sections and further dividing each section into subsections and subsections into blocks. Each section had a section leader and each subsection had subsection leaders as well as block captains. We attempted to use a variation of this tactic, as would other new chapters.

We divided our organizing area into three sections and appointed section leaders. This was supposed to be a way of not only organizing the community, but also engaging and coordinating the new recruits according to the section they had been assigned to. However, making this tool fit our purposes was difficult.

Early on, because so many young people had signed up, discipline was a problem. Elmer, who was rapidly becoming my solid right hand, organized a goon squad to administer some discipline to the young comrades that were not following orders and were conducting themselves in a rowdy, disorganized fashion.

In Oregon, Portland and Eugene also started Panther branches. Seattle was given the responsibility of organizing and working with the brothers and sisters there. This meant frequent trips to Portland to check with Captain Kent Ford and to Eugene to see the Anderson brothers.

It wasn't long before our little sleepy Madrona neighborhood had been transformed into a Black Panther sanctuary. On any given day, scores of young men and women in black berets and leather jackets congregated inside and outside our storefront office; sometimes they marched at the park, often carrying rifles and shotguns up the street. It wasn't uncommon for twelve or more Panthers to be sitting around the office holding their weapons.

The community's response to us was mixed. There was fear and apprehension among many. On the other hand, there was a sense of pride and hope, particularly for the disenfranchised, the victims, the helpless. For the first time, since the likes of Marcus Garvey and Paul Robeson, the Black Panther Party represented a proud, defiant presence in the community: A presence that would stand up and fight back against the racist cops and the racist institutions of America.

Despite our militancy, many people felt a powerful sense of pride when viewing Panthers in action and this never was more true than it was on an overcast Seattle Saturday afternoon when over a hundred Panthers attended the Saturday afternoon drills in full Panther uniform.



Lieutenants Bobby Harding and Mike Tagawa had drilled the comrades well over an hour marching up and down the Madrona playfield. They looked superb and disciplined that day.

For some reason the cops showed up in their cars and lined up on the side of the park. We decided we would give them something to look at. I instructed Bobby and Mike to put the comrades on the streets. They put on a display that day; marching out of the park, proceeding three blocks down 33<sup>rd</sup> Avenue completely engulfing the streets. Their eyes looking determined, looking straight ahead as Bobby and Mike barked out the cadence. They reached Cherry Street, one of the main streets coming up to the hill. Marching down Cherry, the comrades took up the complete right side of the street. The people began to come out, sitting on their porches, some cheering, others taking pictures, looking on with a hidden pride, a pride that many of them had never felt before.

Meanwhile, the cops had stationed squad cars at every intersection. At one point, the comrades marched toward one of the police cruisers and at the last second veered to the left. It was as if they had been marching for years together. Finally, they turned at the bottom of the hill and marched back up into the park. That was a very proud day for the black community. We were their protectors, their defenders.

Our phones at the office were constantly ringing as people called asking for help with landlord problems, spousal abuse, or problems with the police. In one incident a single mother with a house full of kids called to report that her landlord had taken the front door of her house off the hinges because she had gotten behind in her rent. We dispatched a squad of Panthers to the landlord's house. They secured the door and carried it down the street to the woman's house and put it back on its hinges. We often got calls from women complaining about abuse from husbands and boyfriends. Usually after a contingent of armed party members showed up, the abuse would stop, at least for the time being. And we responded to constant calls about police harassment, showing up with armed Panthers confronting surprised police.

The most significant call that we received came from a single black mother whose son was attending a predominantly all-



white school called Rainer Beach, which sat on the outer fringes of the black community. She said that her son had been having trouble with the white kids at school. They had beaten him up on several occasions and the principal refused to do anything about it.

I talked with Chairman Bobby in response to my most recent weekly report. He told me that we were not the police and that our function was not to respond to every call from the community. So with this in mind, I told the lady that we could not respond to her request.

Since the school year was coming to an end, the white kids at Rainer Beach stepped up the attacks on not only this black kid, but the few other black kids at the school. At the beginning of the last week in May, that mother called our office every single day of that week. Finally, on a late Friday afternoon, she called crying and sounding desperate, saying the white kids had brought knives, chains, and bricks to school, threatening the lives of her son and the other black students. We must have received four other calls from distraught black mothers. After I hung the phone up from the last mother, I looked around at the comrades who sat holding their rifles and shotguns. They were wondering if I was going to give the word.

"Let's go," I said, grabbing my carbine. We loaded up in three cars and headed out south to Rainer Beach, taking the back streets, going past Lake Washington, past large expansive homes and manicured lawns, finally arriving at the school. When we arrived, we spotted thirty cops lined up on the side

of the building. As we got out, heading across the street to the entrance of the school, we were met by a fat sergeant, his belly hanging over his belt. I recognized him — we had run into each other on several occasions. He had once remarked, "Oh, not the Panthers again," when we had responded to a community call.

"Dixon," he blurted, "you can't take those loaded weapons into the school."

I shot back, "They ain't loaded," meaning that if a bullet was not in the chamber, then the gun wasn't loaded.

We continued in and began looking for the principal. We saw a man in a black suit hurry down the hallway — it was him. Willy and several other comrades went and got him, and escorted him back to an empty office.

"If you don't protect these black kids then we will do it, understand?" The words just seemed to shoot out of my mouth.

The poor guy was visibly shaken. "I promise I will make sure nothing happens again," he replied.

Satisfied with his response, the 13 of us left the building, backing up and crossing the street. Keeping our eyes on the cops, just as Huey said, we hopped in our cars and headed back to the office. The cops followed us, but they did not stop us. That evening, I received a call from Mike Rosen of the ACLU. He said that the District Attorney was preparing an indictment against us. However, the indictment never came.



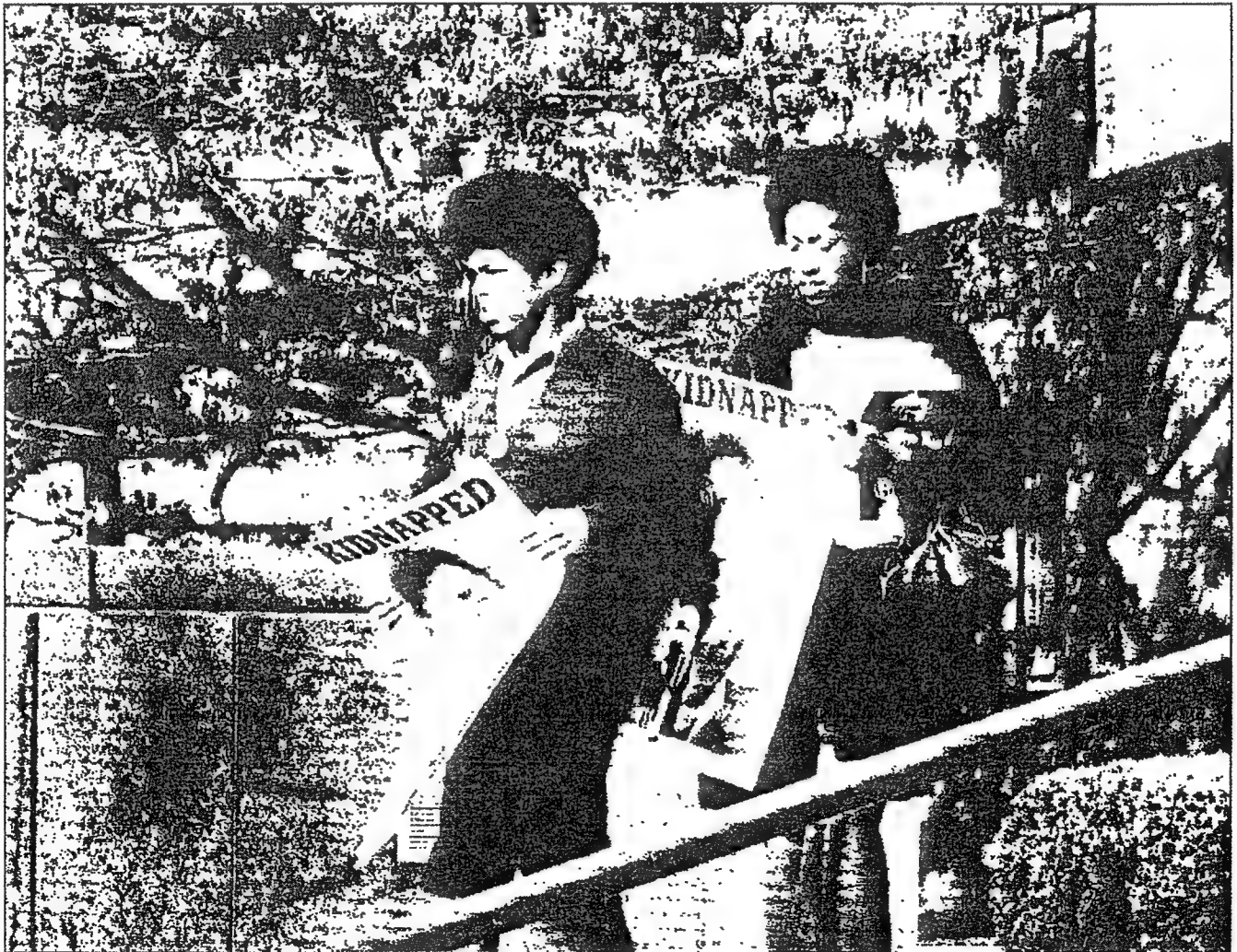
For us, this was what putting on the Panther's uniform was all about. Standing up strong, refusing to be brushed aside and marginalized. We were dead serious when it came to the rights of the people. One thing was certain, if we had to die in this process, then most of us were ready for that too. The Rainer Beach incident was one of the most significant moves that we would make during that summer of 1968, and it would set the stage for upcoming battles with the police.

During those early days of the beginning of the Seattle chapter, we were very unorganized. We had a lot of recruits, yet we did not have a clear understanding or picture of exactly what we were supposed to be doing. We organized a speakers' bureau to respond to the constant request for speakers to talk about what the Black Panther Party was about. Gary Owens, a college student in his early twenties, along with Willie Braizer and others took the brunt of the speaking assignments. We eventually started getting Black Panther newspapers from Oakland after Eldridge Cleaver got out

on bail following the April 6 shootout. The paper had pretty much lay dormant since the shootout until the minister of information returned. The Black Panther newspaper was the most important mechanism the party had for educating people about the party and what was truly going on in America and the world. It also provided us with a much needed source of revenue.

Since the death of Martin Luther King, my life and the lives of many other black youth throughout America had taken on an overwhelming sense of urgency. Suddenly, it seemed that the movement had accelerated. We were now almost totally consumed with the fight for justice and the right to determine our own destiny. For me, school had now taken a back seat to the emerging struggle.

After I got back from Oakland on that first trip as a Panther, I immediately began to go through my closet, taking out all of my suits and Italian knit sweaters that I had bought from my work money. I no longer had any need for these fine clothes. They .... [End of excerpt]







## Dialectics

From the *Encyclopedia of Marxism*

Dialectics is the method of reasoning which aims to understand things concretely in all their movement, change and interconnection, with their opposite and contradictory sides in unity.

Dialectics is opposed to the formal, *metaphysical* mode of thought, of ordinary understanding which begins with a fixed definition of a thing according to its various attributes. For example formal thought would explain: 'a fish is something with no legs which lives in the water.'

Darwin however, considered fish dialectically: some of the animals living in the water were not fish, and some of the fish had legs, but it was the *genesis* of all the animals as part of a whole interconnected process which explained the nature of a fish: they *came from* something and are *evolving into* something else.

Darwin went behind the *appearance* of fish to get to their essence. For ordinary understanding there is no difference between the appearance of a thing and its essence, but for dialectics the form and content of something can be quite contradictory — parliamentary democracy being the prime example: democracy in form, but dictatorship in content!

And for dialectics, things can be contradictory not just in appearance, but in *essence*. For formal thinking, light must be either a wave *or* a particle; but the truth turned out to be dialectical — light is both wave *and* particle. (See the *principle of excluded middle*)

We are aware of countless ways of understanding the world; each of which makes the claim to be *the absolute truth*, which leads us to think that, after all, "it's all relative!" For dialectics the truth is the *whole picture*, of which each view is a more or less one-sided, partial aspect.

At times, people complain in frustration that they lack the Means to achieve their Ends, or alternatively, that they can justify their corrupt methods of work by the lofty aims they pursue. For dialectics, *Means and Ends* are a *unity of opposites* and in the final analysis, there can be no contradiction between means and ends — when the objective is rightly understood, "the material conditions [*means*] for its solution are already present or at least in the course of formation" (Marx, *Preface of Contribution to a Political Economy*)

An example of dialectical reasoning can be seen in Lenin's slogan: "All Power to the Soviets" spoken when the Soviets were *against* the Bolsheviks. Lenin understood, however, that the impasse could only be resolved by workers' power. Since the Soviets were organs of workers' power, a revolutionary initiative by the Bolsheviks would inevitably bring the Soviets to their side: the *form* of the Soviets during the time (led by Mensheviks and SRs) [right-wing socialists-ed] were at odds with the *content* of the Soviets as Workers', Peasants' and Soldiers' Councils.

Formal thinking often has trouble understanding the causes of events — something has to be a cause and something else the effect — and people are surprised when they irrigate

land and 20 years later — due to salination of the land, silting of the waterways, etc — they have a desert! Dialectics on the other hand understands that *cause and effect* are just one and another side of a whole network of relations such as we have in an ecosystem, and one thing cannot be changed without changing the whole system.

These are different aspect of Dialectics, and there are many others, because dialectics is the method of thinking in which concepts are flexible and mobile, constrained only by the imperative of comprehending the movement of the object itself, however contradictory, however transient.

History: Dialectics has its origins in ancient society, both among the Chinese and the Greeks, [as well as the Afrikans and Native Americans-ed] where thinkers sought to understand Nature as a whole, and saw that everything is fluid, constantly changing, coming into being and passing away. It was only when the piecemeal method of observing Nature in bits and pieces, practiced in Western thinking in the 17th and 18th century, had accumulated enough *positive knowledge* for the interconnections, the transitions, the genesis of things to become comprehensible, that conditions became ripe for modern dialectics to make its appearance. It was Hegel who was able to sum up this picture of *universal* interconnection and mutability of things in a system of *Logic* which is the foundation of what we today call Dialectics.

As Engels put it:

"the whole world, natural, historical, intellectual, is represented as a process — i.e., as in constant motion, change, transformation, development; and the attempt is made to trace out the internal connection that makes a continuous whole of all this movement and development." [Socialism: Utopian & Scientific]

It was in the decade after Hegel's death — the 1840s — when Hegel's popularity was at its peak in Germany, that Marx and Engels met and worked out the foundations of their critique of bourgeois society. Hegel's radical young followers had in their hands a powerful critical tool with which they ruthlessly criticised Christianity, the dominant doctrine of the day. However, one of these Young Hegelians, Ludwig Feuerbach, pointed out that *Holy Family* was after all only a Heavenly image of the Earthly family, and said that by criticizing theology with philosophy, the Young Hegelians were only doing the same as the Christians — Hegel's *Absolute Idea* was just another name for God! For Feuerbach, ideas were a *reflection* of the material world and he held it to be ridiculous that an *Idea* could determine the world. Feuerbach had declared himself a *materialist*.

Marx and Engels began as supporters of Feuerbach. However, very soon they took up an *opposition* to Feuerbach to restore the Hegelian dialectic which had been abandoned by Feuerbach, and to free it from the rigidity of the *idealistic* Hegelian system and place the method on a materialist basis:

"Hegel was an idealist. To him, the thoughts within his brain were not the more or less abstract pictures of actual things and processes, but, conversely, things and their evolution were only the realized pictures of the 'Idea,' existing somewhere from eternity before the world was. This way of thinking turned everything upside down, and completely





reversed the actual connection of things in the world." [Fredrick Engels, *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific*]

Thus, for Marx and Engels, thoughts were not passive and independent reflections of the material world, but products of human labour, and the contradictory nature of our thoughts had their origin in the contradictions within human society. This meant that Dialectics was not something imposed on to the world from outside which could be discovered by the activity of pure Reason, but was a product of human labour

changing the world; its form was changed and developed by people, and could only be understood by the practical struggle to overcome these contradictions – not just in thought, but in practice.

*Further Reading:* [The Science of Dialectics], by Fredrick Engels, *Dialectics of Nature*, by Fredrick Engels, an example of dialectics in: *The Metaphysics of Political Economy*, by Karl Marx; *The ABC of Materialist Dialectics*, by Leon Trotsky; Lenin's *Summary of Dialectics*.

## THE DIALECTICS OF INSIDE AND OUT

By Tom Big Warrior

The strategy of the United Panther Movement (UPM), led by the New Afrikan Black Panther Party – Prison Chapter (NABPP-PC), is to; *transform the "Slave Pens of Oppression" into "Schools of Liberation" and the Oppressed Communities into "Base Areas of Cultural, Social and Political Revolution" in the context of building a Worldwide United Front Against Capitalist-Imperialism.*

There is a *dialectical* relationship between these two tasks – a unity of opposites – and we must "Walk on Two Legs" in advancing this strategy.

### The World Situation

Capitalist-Imperialism – (the system under which we live) – is in decline and goes from crisis to crisis in a downward spiral. This is caused by the development of the internal contradictions within capitalism that have become intensified in recent decades, which has accelerated its decline. And most fundamentally by the contradiction between the highly socialized mode of production and the private capitalist ownership of the means of production – the factories, mines, mills, ships and so on. Capitalism follows one basic law which is that capital is drawn to wherever the rate of profit is highest. But the tendency of modern technology in production is to cause the rate of profit to fall. As it becomes more technological, production becomes more capital intensive – and you can't squeeze profit from a machine, only from workers.

Thus the capitalists are driven to obtain the labor power of workers at the lowest possible rate in order to boost the declining rate of profit. The increased globalization that has followed the victory of the U.S. in the Cold War has opened up the whole world to capitalist-imperialist exploitation. Thus capital is free to go anywhere to obtain the labor and raw materials needed at the lowest cost. Production has shifted to the Third World countries of Asia, Afrika and Latin America where masses of unemployed crowd the industrial centers seeking work.

This in turn has driven up unemployment and driven down wages in the U.S. and other imperialist countries. As a consequence, masses of people have been unable to maintain their former standard of living without sinking into debt – and in many cases going bust, losing their homes to foreclosure. This in turn caused the housing market to crash and brought on an international financial crisis. But for the poorest section of the masses, the economic crisis has been hitting hard since the 1970s. Unemployment rates for Blacks have been constantly double what they are for whites, and for inner-city youth of all colors unemployment has been consistently high and opportunities to obtain good-paying, industrial jobs have become practically non-existent.

In People's China, where the Communist Party leaders have taken the "Capitalist Road" since the coup that followed Mao's death, the socialist system has been privatized (cannibalized) and opened up for foreign imperialist investment. In exchange, the phony "Communist" leaders and their relatives get a share in the profits. Getting rich on the low-wage, export-oriented economy, the Chinese state-capitalists have tied their fortunes to the U.S. imperialists, who in a few decades have turned the U.S. from the No. "1 Lender" to the "No. 1 Debtor" nation in the world. Debt has become the greatest U.S. export, and public and private debt is converted into Treasury bonds (T-bonds), which are bought up as investments by the Chinese and other national banks.

While the U.S. taxes its rich class less than any other imperialist country, the national debt keeps growing larger and larger mortgaging the future which grows ever grimmer. [Recently it reached a record of \$13 trillion.] Dependent on the export of cheaply-made consumer goods to the U.S., the Chinese are "Riding the Tiger" as they keep buying the U.S. debt to keep the credit-driven U.S. economy afloat.

### Marginalization and Criminalization of the Poor

As Monopoly Capitalism (capitalist-imperialism) cannot profitably exploit a growing percentage of the world proletariat – (those whose means of survival depends upon selling their labor power) – as workers, the fastest growing segment of the population has become the marginalized (lumpen) section of the proletariat who are pushed into a day-to-day struggle for survival – often by illegal means. In the Third World countries, the massive displacement of the peasant population from the



land by modernization of agriculture (agribusiness) has led to a rapid urbanization and the growth of huge slums and "shantytowns" surrounding every urban center.

This in turn has led to a massive migration from the Third World to the imperialist countries (including the U.S.) of people seeking work. As marginalization hits hardest on the young, the growth of urban, lumpen, youth gangs is a characteristic feature of this period. This in fact has been deliberately stimulated by the ruling class, who is responsible for flooding the oppressed communities with drugs and illegal guns and using the police to covertly incite inter-gang violence and gang wars.

This has provided the excuse for the militarization and de-facto nationalization of the police under the cover of the "War on Drugs" and "Gang Control." The "War on Poverty" has been converted into a "War on the Poor." On top of this has been piled the so-called "War on Terrorism," that further consolidates the power of the police state and sweeps away civil rights and liberties.

### The "Southern Strategy"

In 1968, Richard Nixon rode to power on a wave of white racist backlash to school desegregation and the Civil Rights movement in general, as well as right-wing reaction to the anti-war and women's rights movements. In what came to be known as the "Southern Strategy," the Republicans shamelessly played the "Race Card" to woo "Dixiecrats" to switch parties vowing to frustrate and slow the pace of desegregation and crackdown on leftist radicals, hippies, "wet-backs" and "uppity" Black Panther negroes.

The Controlled Substance Act (CSA) initiated Nixon's "War on Drugs," which was complimented by the CIA's flooding the ghettos with heroin and the FBI's secret war against the Black Panther Party and other radical leftist organizations. Whereas the imprisoned population had been at a stable percent of the population for decades, since 1968 there has been an eight-fold increase, and this is expected to double again in the next few years, making the U.S. No. #1 in imprisoning its own citizens. Overwhelmingly this increase has been in Blacks and other people of color.

In a 1970 interview with the *New York Times*, Nixon's political strategist, Kevin Phillips stated:

"From now on, the Republicans are never going to get more than 10 to 20 percent of the Negro vote and they don't need any more than that... but Republicans would be shortsighted if they weakened enforcement of the Voting Rights Act. The more Negroes who register as Democrats in the South, the sooner the Negrophobe whites will quit the Democrats and become Republicans. That's where the votes are. Without that prodding from the blacks, the whites will backslide into their old comfortable arrangement with the local Democrats."

The "Southern Strategy" returned in force in 1980 with Ronald Reagan, who replaced the one-term Democrat, Jimmy Carter. Reagan kicked off his campaign in Philadelphia, Mississippi, near to where three murdered civil rights workers were discovered buried in a dam. His speech focused on "State's Rights" the Southern codeword for continued racial segregation.

Reagan put his Vice-President, George Bush, Sr., in charge of his "War on Drugs," and this former CIA boss made sure there was plenty of drugs in the oppressed communities to "make war on." The Reagan "Revolution" swept away regulations on the capitalists and social welfare programs for the poor. Moreover, the marriage of fundamentalist Christian cultural conservatism with the Wall Street Establishment created a potent neo-fascist political base hostile to any kind of liberalism or "secular-humanism."

Focusing on issues like abortion, opposition to gay marriage and "law and order" (a codeword for criminalization of the poor), the Republican Party has grown increasingly rabid and reactionary, while the Democratic Party has played the role of "lesser of two evils" keeping just a few degrees to the Left of the Republicans. During the eight years of the Clinton administration, the imprisoned population kept growing as fast as new prisons were constructed. By 1998, the Prison-Industrial Complex (a spin-off of the Military-Industrial Complex) was a \$40 billion a year business.

By 1994, one in three Black men between the ages of 20-29 was in prison, jail, on probation or parole. Black men were 7 times more likely to be in prison than white men, and American Indian males were 10 times more likely. Latino youth were more than twice as likely to be incarcerated as the national average.

During the 1990's, the imprisoned population increased by an average of 6.5% per year. During the period between 2000 and 2007, the imprisoned population of the U.S. increased from 475 per 100,000 to 506 per 100,000 of the total population. During these seven years, the number of sentenced prisoners increased by 15% while the total population only increased by 6.4%. According to the U.S. Justice Department, at year end in 2008, there were 7,308,200 people in the U.S. corrections system of whom 1,610,446 were in state or federal prisons and another 785,556 were in county jails and 92,845 were in juvenile detention centers. Nearly 5.1 million — one in every 45 adults — were under probation or parole.

The United States has the highest incarceration rate in the world. The U.S. represents 4.5% of the world's population but has almost half of the people being held in penal institutions. There can be no argument that this is the most repressive police state in the world. Yet, the illusion that this is the "land of the free" is widely believed. The "Art of Civilization" is appearing to do one thing while you are doing the opposite.

The illusions promoted for mass consumption are so out of sync with objective reality as to necessitate a total assault on critical thinking and the resurrection of the most base superstition and fundamentalist religion. Neo-conservatism hinges upon disbelief



in the advances made by science in the 18<sup>th</sup>, 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries in every sphere and the most complete embrace of mysticism and metaphysics. The bourgeoisie can no longer be revolutionary nor even objective and must be hostile to any to critical examination of where capitalism is leading society. Naked class interest must be gilded with an appeal to a nostalgic yearning for "good old days" that never were good for the masses of oppressed and exploited people.

In contrast, the revolutionary proletariat embraces science and the search for rational understanding. All truth serves the cause of revolution. All lies and liars are reactionary.

#### Truth Will Set Us Free

We must educate ourselves to liberate ourselves. Breaking with old ideas and prejudices is necessary to sweep away outmoded institutions and class relations and revolutionize every aspect of society. Because socialism is in sync with the highest interest of humanity it welcomes the full development of science and a scientific outlook throughout society, and most particularly the revolutionary science of Marxism-Leninism-Maoism (MLM).

Arming the masses with revolutionary science and demonstrating how to apply it to concrete conditions is the duty of every revolutionary. Transforming the prisons into "Schools of Liberation" is all about training prisoners to become class-conscious revolutionary activists. In a very real sense, prisons are the "universities of the oppressed class." What people learn in prisons is applied on the streets – for good or bad.

Most of what people are leaning at present serves to weaken the communities overall. We have to turn this around through conscious struggle. Masses of prisoners can be won to become Panthers or to be part of the Panther Movement in the prisons. In turn, the hundreds of prisons in the U.S. can send forth thousands of trained organizers to the oppressed communities. This in turn will enable us to build a more powerful movement in prisons with the support of a community-based Panther Movement. This is what we mean by "Walking on Two Legs."

All of this will lead us to where we will be able to hold a Founding Congress of the NABPP to establish a more detailed Party Program and elect an overall leadership to head the Party's infrastructure. Step by step we will advance the struggle towards revolution and liberation.

#### From the Inside Out

The NABPP-PC began as a faction within the Black Brigade initiated by the late Samuel "Angel" Coley (former BPP political prisoner in PA) and other New Afrikan prisoners. Led by Chairman Shaka Zulu, Minister of Defense Kevin "Rashid" Johnson and Minister of Human Rights Hasan Shakur, the NABPP-PC began publishing the quarterly newsletter "Right On!" and developing the theoretical framework for restoring the Black Panther Party on a revolutionary basis. Confined in prisons miles and states apart, these comrades applied their individual study and practice to sum up the lessons of the original BPP and the global class struggle.

In 2006, after Comrade Hasan was executed by the state of Texas, the NABPP-PC put out a call for a mass enrolment in his honor. New comrades from all over the country stepped forward to follow his example, including many comrades who joined the White Panther Organization (WPO) to represent the Party among the white prisoners and in the oppressed white communities. A beginning has been made to expand our movement beyond the prison walls and into the communities from which most of the prisoners come and return to.

#### Consolidation and Expansion

Building the infrastructure of the Prison Chapter is the key to expansion. This is our base, and we have to consolidate it to expand. It is particularly important that we reach out to the various street and prison tribes and win them to becoming part of the United Panther Movement. To this end we have called upon them to unite with each other and form a Red Fist Alliance (RFA) based on an orientation of serving the people and uplifting the communities in which they are based.

Many of these tribes were strongly influenced by the original Black Panther Party back in the day, but without the Party's leadership they have been lured into bangin' with each other and a fratricidal and suicidal, criminal lifestyle. This is an essential part of the "War on the Poor," and we would be poor revolutionaries if we didn't include turning this around as part of our strategy.

A vanguard party works within all sorts of organizations promoting the growth of a united front to advance the revolution. Again it goes back to what Mao said about ideological and political line determining everything.

It is also important that we reach out to the Spanish-speaking prisoners and communities. To this end NABPP-PC is sponsoring the formation of a Brown Panther Organizing Committee (BPOC) and the publication of the newsletter "Libertad." We already have many comrades in the Party, NASO and RHWS with Latin American heritage. We need to expand on this.

Expansion has put greater stress on our meager financial resources while printing and postage costs have gone up. This is another reason that building the infrastructure is imperative. Each state branch must develop its own fund-raising projects and programs and practice self-reliance.

**Dare to Struggle Dare to Win!**

**All Power to the People!**





## **The Founding of the Black Panther Party**

***By Huey P. Newton***

All during this time, Bobby and I had no thought of the Black Panther Party, no plan to head up any organization, and the 10-point program was still in the future. We had seen Watts rise up the previous year. We had seen how the police attacked the Watts community after causing the trouble in the first place. We had seen Martin Luther King come to Watts in an effort to [calm] the people, and we had seen his philosophy of nonviolence rejected. Black people had been taught nonviolence; it was deep in us. What good, however, was nonviolence when the police were determined to rule by force? We had seen the Oakland police and the California Highway Patrol begin to carry their shotguns in full view as another way of striking fear in the community. We had seen all this, and we recognized that the rising consciousness of Black people was almost at the point of explosion. One must relate to the history of one's community and to its future. Everything we had seen convinced us that our time had come.



Out of this need sprang the Black Panther Party. Bobby and I finally had no choice but to form an organization that would involve the lower-class brothers.



We worked it out in conversations and discussions. Most of the talk was casual. Bobby lived near the campus, and his living room became a kind of headquarters. Although we were still involved with the Soul Students, we attended few meetings, and when we did go, our presence was mostly disruptive; we raised questions that upset people. Our conversations with each other became the important thing. Brothers who had a free hour between classes and others who just hung around the campus drifted in and out of Bobby's house. We drank beer and wine and chewed over the political situation, our social problems, and the merits and shortcomings of other groups. We also discussed the Black achievements of the past, particularly as they helped us to understand current events.

In a sense, these sessions at Bobby's house were our political education classes, and the Party sort of grew out of them. Even after we formally organized we continued the discussions in our office. By then we had moved on to include not only problems but possible solutions.

We also read. The literature of oppressed people and their struggles for liberation in other countries is very large, and we poured over these books to see how their experiences might help us to understand our plight. We read the work of Frantz Fanon, particularly *The Wretched of the Earth*, the four volumes of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, and Ché Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*. Ché and Mao were veterans of people's wars and they had worked out successful strategies for liberating their people. We read these men's works because we saw them as kinsmen; the oppressor who had controlled them was controlling us, both directly and indirectly. We believed it was necessary to know how they gained their freedom in order to go about getting ours. However, we did not want merely to import ideas and strategies; we had to transform what we learned into principles and methods acceptable to the brothers on the block.

Mao, Fanon and Guevara all saw clearly that the people had been stripped of their birthright and their dignity, not by any philosophy of mere words, but at gunpoint. They had suffered a holdup by gangsters, and rape; for them, the only way to win freedom was to meet force with force. At bottom, this is a form of self-defense. Although that defense might at times take on characteristics of aggression, in the final analysis the people do not initiate; they simply respond to what has been inflicted upon them. People respect the expression of strength and dignity displayed by men who refuse to bow to the weapons of oppression. Though it may mean death, these men will fight, because death with dignity is preferable to ignominy. Then, too, there is always the chance that the oppressor will be overwhelmed.

Fanon made a statement during the Algerian war that impressed me; he said it was the "Year of the Boomerang" which is third phase of violence. At that point, the violence of the oppressor turns on him and strikes a killing blow. Yet the oppressor does not understand the process; he knows no more than he did in the first phase when he launched the violence. the oppressed are always defensive; the oppressor is always aggressive and surprised when the people turn back on him the force he has used against them.

*Negroes with Guns* by Robert Williams had a great influence on the kind of party we developed. Williams had been active in Monroe, North Carolina, with a program of armed self-defense that enlisted many in the community. However, I did not like



the way he had called on the federal government for assistance; we viewed the government as an enemy, the agency of a ruling clique that controls the country. We also had some literature about the Deacons for Defense and Justice in Louisiana, the state where I was born. One of their leaders had come through the Bay Area on [a] speaking and fund-raising tour, and we liked what he said. The Deacons had done a good job of defending civil rights marchers in their area, but they also had a habit of calling upon the federal government to carry out this defense or at least to assist them in defending the people who were upholding the law. The Deacons even went so far as to enlist local sheriffs and police to defend the marchers, with the threat that if law enforcement agencies would not defend them, the Deacons would. We also viewed the local police, the National Guard, and the regular military as one huge armed group that opposed the will of the people. In a boundary situation people have no real defense except what they provide for themselves.

We read also the works of the freedom fighters who had done so much for Black communities in the United States. Bobby had collected all of Malcolm X's speeches and ideas from papers like *The Militant* and *Muhammad Speaks*. These we studied carefully. Although Malcolm's program for the Organization of Afro-American Unity was never put into operation, he has made it clear that Blacks ought to arm. Malcolm's influence was ever-present. We continue to believe that the Black Panther Party exists in the spirit of Malcolm. Often it is difficult to say exactly how an action or program has been determined or influenced in a spiritual way. Such intangibles are hard to describe, although they can be more significant than any precise influence. Therefore, the words on this page cannot convey the effect that Malcolm has had on the Black Panther Party, although, as far as I am concerned, the Party is living testament to his life work. I do not claim that the Party has done what Malcolm would have done. Many others say that their programs are Malcolm's programs. We do not say this, but Malcolm's spirit is in us.

From all of these things – the books, Malcolm's writings and spirit, our analysis of the local situation – the idea of an organization was forming. One day, quite suddenly, almost by chance, we found a name. I had read a pamphlet about voter registration in Mississippi, how the people in Lowndes County had armed themselves against Establishment violence. Their political group, called the Lowndes County Freedom Organization, had a black panther for its symbol. A few days later, while Bobby and I were rapping, I suggested that we use the panther as our symbol and call our political vehicle the Black Panther Party. The panther is a fierce animal, but he will not attack until he is backed into a corner; then he will strike out. The image seemed appropriate, and Bobby agreed without discussion. At this point, we knew it was time to stop talking and begin organizing. Although we had always wanted to get away from the intellectualizing and rhetoric characteristics of other groups, at times we were as inactive as they were. The time had come for action.

***"As a sapling bent low stores energy for a violent backswing, blacks bent double by oppression have stored energy which will be released in the form of rage – black rage, apocalyptic and final." – William Grier and Price Cobbs, *Black Rage****





# MAY DAY 2010: NEPAL

## Dress Rehearsal for Revolution



*Between a half-million and a million people demonstrated in Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal, on May 1<sup>st</sup> (International Workers' Day) in support of the Unified Communist Party of Nepal (Maoist) and their demand that the revisionist Prime Minister step down. Many more took part in the 6-day general strike that followed, which brought the country to a standstill. After the Maoists called a halt to the strike, the Prime Minister conceded that he would resign.*

### Jed Brandt: Letter From Kathmandu

Posted on *Kasama* March 8, 2010

### Greetings from Nepal

by Jed Brandt,

March 7, 2010 - I can't leave home for a few weeks without everything going crazy.

It took a bit for my time to adjust, to see things as they are coming here and where they're coming from. Not the instant back-and-forth rhythm of New York multi-tasking anxiety time. Most days the electricity is out in Kathmandu. You can hear chickens in the morning, children playing after school and quiet talk at night when the old women laugh and call

across the rooftops. Blackouts make working a computer hard, but the pace of people living by hands and minds alone, without so much mediation, is not a place I've ever spent much time. And, I do love it here. The city is dirty. The people are upright, direct and curious. I've made friends quickly, though I've gotten the impression its easier to get married than find a date.

Kathmandu is a valley. The Tanglang range of the Himalaya is the wall in the sky that separates South Asia from the Tibetan plateau to the north. The white caps are breathtaking when you can see them. Pollution is horrible. Cars only arrived in Kathmandu 20 years ago. Most of the city is built for footpaths, but that doesn't stop every sort of vehicle from ripping through trying to cut around the traffic jams. It's some kind of anarchy on the streets. People complain about it, then



go do it themselves. I've seen three people hit by cars, none of which stopped. Motorcycles are everywhere and drive as they want. We've only seen one traffic light and it wasn't lit. The daily load-shedding blackout.

Exhaust just hangs in the valley, air still as often as not. Along the main roads, commuters and pedestrians alike wear face masks of all kinds to filter out what they can. In any large crowd you can hear coughing, men clearing their throats. The air only clears after rains, which are rare save for the summer monsoon. We did get hail the other day, which tore apart the beautiful aloe plant on the patio where I'm staying. It was a grand dame of an aloe, now pocked with holes as big as dimes.

I have been lucky to have met many children, a few of whom are also friends. I'm listening to Sade, Beirut and Alicia Keys. Drinking with the neighborhood guys on *Holi*, I got to name the cat from the bodega below Lucita. She is beautiful, with patches of silver and black tiger stripes mixing up her pure white coat. *Holi* morning, the young men came up the stairs of the building I'm staying in to ambush me on the roof with red powder and buckets of water. Then they hugged me and poured another bucket over my head. *Holi* is a water balloon fight that doesn't stop until they start throwing buckets of colorful water and raw pigment, red, green, blue and orange. Best holiday ever. Girls do get pretty soaked though, not so fun sometimes. It's an occasion for both carnival and hooliganism. Lots of laughing. I tried to ask the guys about the meaning of the holiday and they decided to pour tall glasses of khukuri rum. I do try to oblige.



#### Did I mention there is a revolution going on?

We haven't seen a revolution in our lifetime. Not a communist revolution anyway, with broad support and participation sustained, growing over such a short period of time.

The Maoists are unorthodox, to be sure. They have defied everyone's expectations, friend and foe alike. To their credit, they haven't let their enemies tell them who they are or been confined to some historical script handed down by the Comintern in 1930-whatever. After a 10-year People's War, starting in 1996, they grew exponentially among the rural people who make up the heart and body of Nepal.

People were fed up with the absolute poverty, a despotic monarchy and the whole system that didn't let them advance no matter how hard they worked. It was the

Maoists who saw in that backwardness the semi-feudal, semi-colonial predicament of their country, a resonance they share for all the many other differences with pre-revolutionary China.

Millions cast their lot with the communist promise that it was they themselves who could fix what the ruling classes plainly didn't want to. Starting with two guns. Two guns! They neither sought nor accepted shady foreign sponsors and still brought a king down. That was people, and a determined, revolutionary leadership. Violence was not the issue.

"The masses are the makers of history," is how Mao put it, advice Prachanda's party apparently heard well.

When organized revolutionaries grew into a people who could not endure the old order, the very horizon of the possible shifted. The U.S. state department calls that terrorism, and under Obama has continued to put the Maoist party on its list of certified terrorists even after they fought for and won Nepal's first democratic elections. Terror is not a word any honest person could use to describe what is happening here. People are unafraid, and if anything impatient things haven't gone further. The communists were transformed, and so were the broad masses of people. They said: "We had to unlearn our slogans to start the People's War," which meant, I think, that they are not disciples of doctrine, or simple prophets of rage. Terrorism is a politics of fear. The communists have fought a People's War, and their spirit is light.

#### For a new mainstream

Refusing any offers to become another parliamentary party, who are widely despised here for their profound corruption, the Maoists demanded nothing less than a constituent assembly to draft a constitution. Through the course of the People's War, despite flexibility on almost everything else, the Maoists never departed from this insistence. And they got that much. I tried to think what could happen if we had our own constituent assembly, a constitution not written by slave-traders to protect their own entitlement. It's not just radical in Nepal, this idea that people constitute governments. It's as unheard of in Bloomberg's New York as in twisted hereditary monarchy of North Korea.

Red flags are everywhere. From the moment I arrived and everywhere I've been. They fly alongside Nepal's unique two-pointed flag at the national stadium. Set in rows along the fences of the National Army's central, public training grounds, all over. When I'm reading in restaurants, the times I've had a book by the Maoists, three different waiters have commented that they were the "real government." Prachanda is especially admired, since it was his leadership that broke the old patterns of impotent protest followed by corrupt cooptation.

No one will admit to liking Congress, but I've met supporters from the currently governing UML. Decent people, reformist, if none to happy about the Maoists' initiative. Imagine Todd Gitlin merged in a lab with Gus Hall and you'll have some idea what creeps their top leaders are. That said, the regular activists are mostly the sort of NGO professionals we have back in the states. Well-suckled by the foundation tit, their method was to keep popular mobilization in the range of



complaint and petition, and at the leading levels are not interested any change not brokered through their coffers.

The current prime minister from UML was unelected. He took the seat Prachanda vacated over the issue of whether the old royal army would accept civilian control, which is to say by the elected Maoists. Prachanda fired the former commander of the National Army, who refused to step down. The unelected "democratic" figures abided a soft coup, with the UML's leader and the pro-Indian, ceremonial President Yadev prancing around these last few months as if they were a government. There is a fluid split between the careerists and the honest revolutionaries in the UML. How they will act when the chips are down is still not clear, not even to them.

I talked with one couple, the husband from a leading UML family and the wife with a significant government job directing cultural activities. The husband denounced the Maoists, who had not learned that liberal democracy was the only way the world could be, that even China had embraced capitalism. He said UML was not communist, despite their full name United Marxists and Leninists, but that it was "tradition." His wife smiled and said that many "patriots" were Maoists, though not her, and that while she was not herself any longer in the UML, she was hopeful for the future "no matter how it goes." I think the husband was embarrassed, which amused her, so he told me the Maoists had bombed his family home in the south a few years back. He had share-croppers on his land. The Maoists apparently organized them to squat the same land. He lived in Kathmandu, earning income from the tenant farmers and keeping a seasonal residence, while his child studied in a college out of the country.

It turned out that the Maoists included those farming on his land, and that when he went to talk with them they worked out a deal of some kind. I was kind of stunned that he just went and talked. "I knew them," he said. He still has his family home, now repaired. He's kind of sore about it. They did blow up part of his house, which rattled him no doubt.

#### **Provocations and dress rehearsals**

Nepal's revolution is not over. The old army, bureaucracy and foreign treaties are still in effect. That said, no work can be done without the sanction of the Maoists — not construction, not constitution or transportation throughout the length of the country. This is what Lenin called "dual power," not to be confused with the sometimes usage by American radicals to mean oppositional mutual aid or serve-the-people programs. Here there are two armies and no real government, a situation of increasing pressure where one side or the other will decide to act decisively.

The government tried to smuggle in some arms and explosives after working out arrangements with the Indian government. They couldn't even sneak them in. Young Communist League members assembled 200 unarmed activists and blockaded the convoy. They alerted the UN and media, and in turn were attacked by armed police reinforcements. A few people were injured including a Maoist rep in the Constituent Assembly.

What I picked up in that incident was that the Maoists have the organizational capacity to act, and that even the National

Army and police may not be reliable should they be called out against the people. After all, how did these Maoists even know about the arms shipment arranged behind closed doors by the president, the unelected prime minister and the Indian military?

The UML Prime Minister said the weapons were for "training police." He didn't explain what kind of police work required explosives, wires and other bomb-making materials. Nor was this egregious violation of the Comprehensive Peace Agreement, supposedly providing for in the constitutional framework, noted by the international press. It was certainly noticed here.

Should the current, unelected President Yadev and some section of the National Army attempt a military coup, backed by India, the Maoists are quite sure that the entire population would rise up. Since the first democratic uprising here in 1990, called Jana Andolan I through the People's War and up to the 2006 Jana Andolan II that overthrew the king, there are expectations of a breakthrough far beyond the ranks of committed revolutionary communists.

#### **Not the old playbook**

I've been surprised to find the complaints of some American radicals online, who are convinced that participating in elections and attempting to bring in the broadest range of support are some kind of sellout. The facts are these: the Maoists have made every effort to complete a democratic revolution, which ain't nothing, but have not limited themselves to what the semi-feudal, semi-colonial system can bear. They maintain their People's Liberation Army. The Young Communist League is the most powerful social action force in the country, unarmed but disciplined. The Unified Communist Party of Nepal (Maoist) already left the government they were elected to lead rather than pretend that "representation" was enough when the National Army and bureaucracy resisted transformation and civilian control.

Prachanda, Bhattarai and the Maoist leadership already had the chance to become broker-politicians, and they said no thank you. They launched a war, they won an election and they left the government rather than fake it. Which brings us to now.

Audacious as can be, they returned to their base and have launched a series of mobilizations and public education forums that will escalate provided a constitution to their liking is not delivered. They are the largest party, the legal and extra-legal opposition to an unelected government wrapped around what's left of the deposed monarchy's state apparatus. The next major mobilization is for International Women's Day.

May 28 is the deadline for Nepal's constitution to be delivered. That doesn't look likely due to substantial interference from foreign powers and the parliamentary cretinism of the corrupt political class.

The only way it could come to pass is if the UML reformists (called here status quo-ists) were to unite with the Maoists. Leftist parties of one stripe or another won 62% of seats in the Constituent Assembly, enough to ratify a "people-centered" constitution. UML leaders Oli & PM Nepal have ruled that out unless the Maoists disband the PLA and YCL, which they say will not happen until



the new constitution is ratified to their satisfaction and under their leadership, if at all. For its part, Nepal Congress Party, formerly the parliamentary apparatus and spoils system of the monarchy, is utterly despised as a tool of India and the landlords. Congress received around 10% of the vote, act like king-makers and keep forgetting that crown lies in the gutter.

The terms are set and the time frame known.

### **May 28 – deadline for the constitution**

Every event, each provocation and mobilization is about contesting the allegiance of the broad mass of people. Prachanda capped a training session for 5,000 cadre in the walled city of Bhaktapur that if a constitution isn't ratified to guarantee social transformation and national sovereignty that the people will revolt and that his party is prepared to lead it.

Nepalis are famously gentle people, which is not to say they don't fight. They are known throughout the world for that as well. Prachanda's name means, alternatively, "lithe fierce one" or "the awesome one." He's usually smiling, and shows emotion on his face. What stands out most about the Maoists isn't just their character. The world is full of upright people. These Maoists have looked back at previous attempts to build socialism and learned uncommon lessons.

What they've come up with, and this has been noted in every conversation I've had, is that without revolution coming from the conscious activity of the most oppressed, the working people and democratic intellectuals freed up from the feudal autocracy, communism would not be worth the word. That's what they learned from 20th Century socialism, and it's good to hear from the leaders and members of a communist party contending for power.

This is something I may have hoped for, glimmers of it got me here. But the depth of that commitment, among cadre and common people alike, it is still startling. I could get used to it, I think the world could, too. Nepal is confirming to me that all rumors to the contrary, people aren't stupid. When they can stand on their own feet, organize and fight: people will embrace a force that gives them dignity and refuses the narrow confines of "what's in it for me and mine." Their secret weapon is their open spirit, which are my words, not theirs; and true nonetheless.

### **Democracy at stake**

I can't articulate this fully because I still don't know enough, but caste functions something like what we call race in America. There are poor Brahmins and wealthy people who came from nothing. But the mark and habits of caste still ring. Fighting the caste system, the Maoists do not engage in demagoguery against the privileged castes. In place of feudal entitlement, where chauvinistic rules kept state and military jobs in the hands of the privileged, the Maoists have already declared autonomous national territories as part of a federal democratic republic. Their own top leadership is largely from what have been those same privileged castes. The changes they demand are, among other things, exactly to end of that system of straight-up exclusion.

Blocking a constitution through parliamentary tricks (or some form of putsch) in the capital would threaten not only counter-action by the Maoists, but popular uprisings with

their own characteristics from the peoples most to benefit from constitution that is secular in fact as well as word. Any effort of the old structure to perpetuate itself will be broadly seen for a direct attack on Nepal's heretofore excluded peoples. Kathmandu hosts the broken constituent assembly, but the crisis is national.

Complaints from the privileged have the same ring as racial paranoids in America, who still think America is a "white republic," and that any check on their prerogatives are the end of the world. Upper class advocacy groups using identity politics claim that a federal republic will "disintegrate" Nepal, missing the way enfranchisement brings a genuine patriotism that can't be faked, or glossed over by rulers speaking in the name of all.

Resentment isn't the currency of the communists. There isn't demagoguery whipping people up against productive national capitalists or the privileged castes. The comprador bourgeoisie, the type who make money selling the rest of the country out to India, and feudal landlords are feeling the heat. Even there the point is to change the power arrangement not "go get 'em."

The argument for a federalization itself, and its democratic potential, has been wildly popular. Nepalese people are patriotic, no doubt. But they also have two major religions, a southern Tarai region that was totally excluded from self-determination and dozens of language groups. No other social demand has so frightened the formerly entitled as the Maoist insistence on a federal democratic republic, but attempts to use religion or communal fear have not worked as well in Nepal as India, where Hindutva fascists have an unfortunate mass base in many areas.

The Maoists do not agitate against religion or the religious. They are rational and atheist in a deeply faithful country. Not surprising since Buddha was born in Nepal and wasn't himself so much for the hocus pocus end of religious practice. The Maoists credit Buddha with introducing atheism in one of their articles. From that position of respect, they advocate for science, technology and Marx's dialectical materialist understanding of the world. They want schools to be public to educate everyone, not the largely private financial rackets they still are here for all but the wealthy. Commitment to science, innovation and human dignity will serve them well.

The People's Liberation Army adopted the Geneva Conventions just about the time our own country tore them up. They built base areas in the countryside and advanced towards the capital. For their success, the Maoists have been largely ignored by the very people who should be shouting from the rafters that a revolutionary internationalist, secular and people-based movement has caught fire in the Himalayan Mountains.

Great powers are allied against this revolution. India, the United States and the entire disinformation machinery we call mainstream media (from left to right) has insisted that communism is done. And can be killed in silence should it raise its face. Here people are doing it. And it is those people who need honest solidarity, which more than anything means letting the world know what is happening.





If the mass media won't show what is happening, I hope someone is writing it on the walls. There are less than three months until the deadline for the constitution. There is no center to hold. Word must get out.

I know folks want a lot of local color, or novel dish of some sort. It is so different here and people are really so much the same. Laughter. Silliness. What the world calls football. For myself, I have laughed everyday and cried a few times, which reminds me of nothing so much as my mother, who could laugh and cry at the same time, and who loved a good fight.

So yes, I am impressed. I'm no fortune teller. Who knows how things will go. The Maoists have a track record that has won them the respect of their countrymen. They are self-critical of communist history and determined to solve those real problems through advance and not retreat. They don't want to be the new boss. They want communism, socialism and a New Democracy for Nepal. And it's good to hear, what we can do and not what we have to accept.

Peace to the street, war on the palace.

Jed Brandt

P.S.:

Did I mention that nobody in Nepal even knows who Glenn Beck is?



*"We Make the Power ...Low People Will Have Power"*

## May Day in Kathmandu

By JED BRANDT

Business as usual is over in Kathmandu. With two days to go until May First, overflowing buses are pulling in by the hour to the outskirts of town. "

The city is crowded. Bus caravans are unloading directly into street marches wild with chanting, marshaled by

uniformed cadre from the Young Communist League. Despite a week of fear-mongering by Nepal's mainstream press, the crowds are militant, but unarmed. And they are giddy despite harassment from the Armed Police on the roads leading into the city.

Several Maoists have been arrested on petty weapons charges, but these are the exceptions to the rule.

The Maoist rallies have already started. The central intersections of every district I passed were filled with young people, always the young!

There is more density towards the center of the city, as mini-rallies are moving from the outskirts towards the center, but they aren't all staying by government buildings. It seems as the contingents arrive, they are dipping into the center and then marching back out across the city. The convergence of all these hundreds of thousands of people is set for May First. The contingents are on their own for now.

Every Armed Police cop in the city must be on alert. They are rallying too, but look noticeably unhappy. Not aggressive so much as slouching in the back of their trucks, looking around nervously.

Among the residents of Kathmandu, the people going about their business while the city fills up, facial expressions are as good a guide to allegiance as anything people say. Those who believe that people should make governments are excited, mobilized and on the march. Those who fear the country people, the young and the workers are dour, hurrying to reach their personal destination.

### Youth of a Nation

I met Mukti, a Maoist party district leader from Kathmandu while he was overseeing rows of single-file columns, mostly students, filing out to their housing in the late afternoon. Rain clouds were looming. With a rare full beard and long hair, his tone was scholarly with a hint of rocker, and a Pearl Jam button on his bag.

He was eager to talk:

"We are staying at wedding halls. 30,000 have come today from Chitwan. 60 tourist busses drive back and forth every day. Too many people are waiting for transportation. But the drivers have been very helpful with their busses. They are working very hard to help."

"The youth are going to make this day," he said pointing to the three single-file lines of young men stretching parallel from the bus station a kilometer away. None were children, but all were too young for marriage — mostly older teenagers.

"We are disciplined. You can see it clearly."

And you can. When the amped up chanting came to a quiet, I saw the beautiful stoicism of young men facing danger for a cause they feel is just.

Since his English was good, I decided to try and provoke him a bit. I mentioned that the current prime minister's party had fought for democracy in 1990, only to become politicians more keen to manage the country than reform it. I asked if he was worried that the Maoist leaders might only be interested in



becoming government ministers like the UML and Congress parties. Mukti smiled, and launched right into response.

"If our party back steps, youth won't accept it to happen," he said. I was surprised at his directness, which is not at all common in Nepal. "Our party won't let us down. We are making it new, our commitment is to see the revolution through. Now!"

He was amped up:

"We don't fight to uplift our own cadre, but to bring the people to power. Look!"

He stretched out his arms to frame the hundreds of students all around us.

"We come for socialism. We say 'Peace and Constitution.' People will have the same rights. We do not come to retreat."

I could not help embracing him. The twenty or so guys who had formed a circle around us as we talked all burst into laughter and hurrahs.

He stepped back with more to say:

"These youth who came today, they had no food when they got on the buses. Women, brought food to the sides of the road on the way and they were fed. That is what we are doing! We can be passive or aggressive."

As he talked, he starting to move out with his contingent:

"Police and parties [UML and Congress cadre] are trying to pressure places to not let us stay. We aren't trying to command. Agitation will be peaceful no matter what. If we take bullets, so be it."

He told me army helicopters had been flying low all day, with soldiers brandishing assault rifles hanging from the chopper doors. And he was off, filing in at the end of the lines winding off down a small curving road from the intersection.

#### **Armed Police Occupy Key Facilities**

Passing back through the trolley yards I'd visited a few days ago to check in on the union office, Armed Police were at the gates, in repair barns and the yard -dozens of them loitering about their trucks.

The union office was closed, but Maoist posters for May First still covered the walls. I stopped into the charging station to ask one of the workers still on shift what had happened. He looked back over my shoulder at the Armed Police commander starting at us from within earshot as we talked.

"I am only worker," he said. "Talk to him."

#### **Armed Police occupy trolley repair yards along with water plants and other strategic infrastructure**

Deciding against that, I moved through the yards to see what was going on. Most of the workers had left the installation. A plainclothesman also came to look at what I was doing when I started taking pictures. I asked if he was Armed Police.

"No, I am democratic police," he said, meaning that he was connected with the municipal police who are under a different command structure and don't enter into civil conflict.

"The Armed Police came yesterday. They are also occupying the water stations and other places."

Lines of drying black, gray and white camouflage fatigues were hanging out to dry. Armed Police have occupied the transportation yards, converting them into a make-shift barracks.

Most of the workers were no longer there. For all the fear-mongering about Maoists armed with lathi bamtjoo sticks and kukhuri knives, the Armed Police were brandishing automatic weapons and military rifles. And nobody voted for them.

Armed Police also roused rural Maoists from several private schools. Apparently the Maoists are not picking fights before May First, and have left some locations. Police encampments at several schools have kept protesters from entering, others are full and have stood their ground.

Traveling further to the city's east, the roads were lined with apparent Maoist cadre and protesters. They did all have signs, but were in the same long, stretching lines on both sides of the street that is the signature formation of the assembling contingents. There were at least a thousand here so I stopped and asked out loudly if anyone spoke English.

Young Communist League on the march. This is disciplined gathering despite weeks of fear-mongering about "country people" over-running the capitol.

"Yes, here!" said a man from Kailala, a district in the far west of Nepal. "We've come since two day ago." Right off, he started to explain his intentions for "your world readers and comrades."

"No limit to our stay here. We are starting People's War in city to take rights. A new government! We are not here for being controlled by government. No!"

I didn't even have to ask Pawan question, he had some things to say. Maoist party leaders are not calling this a "People's War." For his part, this rank-and-file cadre saw this as the final battle in the fight over power in Nepal.

"Maoists are the largest party. People, we support the Maoist. Most people are supporting Maoist. This government abuses people and does not make the change we want. Our busses were stopped. YCL is taking care and we show we come with people not weapons. We are careful in our fight. We pressure to change government like Thailand," he said referring to the Red Shirts laying peaceful siege to Bangkok's business elite.

"But we are more. We don't just protest government. We want people's rights and equality. Everyone same. Property equal. Socialism. A people's constitution."

The reserved style of Nepali conversation is turning to agitation. As that is more my own style. I told him that in the USA we have a constitution, a federal government and all that — but it is a capitalist constitution based on money and property. How was this different? What makes this socialist?

"We make it socialist. We make the power. We make land reform everywhere. Low people will have power. We are the judges. Look, we are making it now!"

*Jed Brandt is an American reporter writing from Nepal. His reports and photographs appear on [jedbrandt.net](http://jedbrandt.net). He is a participant of the Kasama Project.*



Chairman Prachandra, "The six-day strike was just a rehearsal."





**EXECUTIVE MANDATE NO. #7:**  
**STATEMENT OF THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE AND THE CHAIRMAN**

May 25, 2010

So Let This Be Heard...

Brother Ali Khalid Abdullah:

In recognition of your long years of service to the Black community as an original Black Panther Party member and soldier of the Black Liberation Army, as a political prisoner and a POW, and because you have maintained revolutionary focus and direction when it would have been easy to submit to the flagrant abuse and intimidation of monopoly capitalist dictatorship;

Because you continue to organize and mobilize our people to expose and resist the vicious trickery of the system;

Because you have become an all-the-way revolutionary by showing Panther Love for New Afrikan and oppressed people;

Because you will be a strong Servant of the People by adhering to Revolutionary Panther Morality and Discipline;

You are hereby drafted onto the Central Committee of the New Afrikan Black Panther Party -- Prison Chapter, invested with the rank of Minister of Human Rights.

Over the past four years, we have considered different candidates to fill the vacant position created by the execution of our beloved comrade, Hasan Shakur, in August 2006. We feel confident that we at last have found a brother worthy of the honor.

....So let It Be Done!

Kevin "Rashid" Johnson  
Minister of Defense

Shaka Sankofa Zulu  
Chairman





## **Who Gives You the Right?**

by Comrade Ali Khalid Abdullah

Who gives anyone the right to think that they are better than the next person simply because they may look or think differently? There seems to be a steady stream of people, albeit so-called "revolutionaries," activists, demonstrators, or just the average Dick and Jane Doe, trying to act as if they are better than everyone else – or that they know more – and look down on or bad-mouth others simply because they are now self-proclaimed "revolutionaries" or they have read a few radical books, or done a progressive thing or two, and they now have a grandiose belief in their own importance and superiority.

This sort of attitude is not what is needed to develop a serious and powerful revolutionary movement to challenge and overthrow the status quo – the government and corporations that run this show. Our fight is not with the people – however backward or misguided some are – because we are all bound to be deceived and misguided and to make serious mistakes and hold incorrect views, living – as we are – in this overwhelmingly exploitative society. Therefore, we ought to be understanding and lift a fellow brother or sister up and strengthen them when they under the burden of mistaken ideas, lies and prejudices and help them gain a better understanding and join us in the struggle to destroy all vestiges of this exploitative and oppressive society and political-economic system.

The powers that be in the government are very pleased and boldly encouraged when they discover a new tactic to use against us and get us to blindly and ignorantly attack each other and destroy ourselves based on falsehoods that contain just a germ of truth in order to have prejudice, arrogance and conceit become our focus. The enemy is well versed in framing words, ideas and beliefs in ways that will encourage self-destructive acts committed by our own hands.

We must be on guard for such things, and when a leader or spokesperson for some other political group comes up with half-truths, vulgarity and emotionally-loaded statements rather than hard, substantiated facts and reasoned arguments... we should be wise enough to recognize what is before us and distance ourselves from it, no matter who is slinging it. Our priority, our objective, and our work must be focused on uplifting and building up the revolutionary political consciousness of the masses and not pointless bickering and polemics or fending off unprincipled attacks from self-styled "radicals" and "revolutionaries."

The drivel that flows from the mouths of opportunists (of any stripe) should be outright rejected with the proper criticism in order to get back on track. If the fools what to take up our time after that, forget them. We have more important things to do! Let them rant and make fools of themselves all they want as we continue to go about our business... building the United Panther Movement and the Party to lead it in struggle. Maintaining focus is part of revolutionary discipline.

In The Trenches!

25 May 2010

Ali Khalid Abdullah, Minister of Human Rights NABPP-PC

### **A NEW YEAR MESSAGE TO REVOLUTIONARIES EVERYWHERE:**

#### **JOIN THE BLACK PANTHERS!! WE WANT YOU!!!**

By: Chairman Shaka S. Zulu, NABPP-PC

January 1, 2010

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!** My name is Shaka Zulu, and I am the Chairman of the New Afrikan Black Panther Party - Prison Chapter (NABPP-PC), a revolutionary Black nationalist vanguard Party in the tradition of the original Black Panther Party (BPP). Our ideology is called "Pantherism," and it is illuminated by Marxism-Leninism-Maoism, the theory and practice of socialist revolution for all oppressed people across the world. Pantherism holds that in order to defeat our oppressors we must build base areas of social, cultural, and political power in our own oppressed communities.

We see our Party as the 21st century embodiment of the original Black Panther Party (BPP). We have set up our Party Organization in a way that absorbs ALL who can help in the development of NABPP-PC as a cutting edge-proletarian vanguard Party. We are inviting you to put your talent and energy in a revolutionary vanguard party. The many Panther-like formations that have sprung up across the country are a good thing, because it means that people are doing things to advance the national liberation struggle, but we cannot liberate the masses from the junk of bourgeois culture until we form a united, fighting party, an advance detachment of proletarian consciousness and activism.

We think that it is absolutely important for all of us to be united and together as Panthers, as one huge revolutionary family cemented with Panther Love. Panther Love is revolutionary love, liberating love, world changing love. We believe that Panther Love as a viable means of unity will enable us to better advance our strategy, which is to; "Turn the Iron Houses of



Oppression into Schools of Liberation, and the Oppressed Communities into Base Areas of Cultural, Social and Political Revolution in the context of building a worldwide United Front Against Capitalist-Imperialism."

We have to be together to collectively deal the voracious vampire monopoly-capitalist system a final death blow. While we fight and divide at the bottom, the monopoly-capitalists are cooperating locally and globally to maintain capitalist imperialism's oppression and domination over places like Afrika, Central Asia, Latin Amerika, the Middle East, and the various, oppressed nations within Empireland.

"We cannot defeat them by being scattered and loose. We need to become a powerful force through applying democratic centralism. Our struggle is not a race struggle, but a class struggle, an international struggle against capitalist imperialist structures which perpetuate the economic exploitation of resources, lands, markets, wage-workers, and the environment.

The Maoist Movement is international – which means that if we intend on sowing seeds of world socialist revolution – we should be proud to raise the Red Flag from a position of internationalist unity.

In the Party's newspaper Right On!#1, we stated that "Understanding the role that the party must play is also understanding the role others must play and how these roles fit together to serve the highest interests of humanity. The Party cannot be all things. Its special purpose is to represent the future in the movement of the present and illuminate the path forward. It is a Black revolutionary nationalist party that recognizes that class struggle and socialist revolution is the path forward for Black liberation.

The solution to all of our problems comes down to revolution, socialist revolution and the correct practice of "Pantherism," which is the 21st century ideology of the New Afrikan Black Panther Party-PC (NABPP). So while the monopoly capitalist class oppressors remain united, our ranks exude the death of division and petty squabbles over who hold the principle political line. It comes down to really understanding the tricks the ruling class historically and consistently use to keep us divided.

Comrade Tom Big Warrior stated so eloquently in his forward to "Black Youth and the Criminalization of a Generation" that the oppressors have a strategy that unites neo-liberals and neo-conservatives all over the world. And in order to defeat them, we must develop our strategy – of building base areas of cultural, social, and political revolution – of going amongst the people and organizing and mobilizing them to take on the historic mission of making revolution.

Comrades! We have a marvelous role to play, an historic task to complete, a great opportunity to turn our single fingers into a fist of revolutionary unity by getting together under the leadership of the New Afrikan Black Panther Party (NABPP). We need you! We invite all sincere, honest, loyal Comrades to struggle with us to free New Afrikan people and all oppressed people across the world. "Pantherism" is the key here.

We leave you with these words from Comrade Huey: "But to achieve such freedom, we must all start at the bottom. We must fight as brothers [sisters], each in our own community or ghetto, but against the common enemy that deprives us of our identity, that is, that exploits us economically, politically, culturally. We are then both nationalist and internationalist. We fight for our freedom in our own terrain, but in alliance with everyone who fights our enemy, not just because we need each other tactically but because we are brothers [sisters]."

.All Power to the People!!!

Shaka S. Zulu #244128/661323B  
NSP PO Box 2300  
168 Frontage Road  
Newark, NJ 07114



## **TEN POINT PROGRAM AND PLATFORM OF THE NEW AFRIKAN BLACK PANTHER PARTY PRISON CHAPTER (NABPP-PC)**

### **1. We want Freedom! We want power to determine the destiny of Our Black and oppressed Community.**

We believe that black and oppressed people will not be free until We are able to determine Our destiny in our community ourselves, by fully controlling all the institutions which exist in our community.

### **2. We want full employment for Our people.**

We believe that the federal government is responsible and obligated to give every person employment or a guaranteed income. We believe that if the american businessman will not give full employment, then the technology and the means of production should be taken from the businessmen and placed in the community so that the people of the community can organize and employ all of its people and give a high standard of living.

### **3. We want an end to the robbery by the CAPITALIST of Our Black and oppressed Community.**



We believe that this racist government has robbed us and now We are demanding the overdue debt of forty acres and two mules. Forty acres and two mules was promised over 100 years ago as restitution for slave labor and mass murder of Black people. We will accept the payment in currency which will be distributed to Our many communities. The American racist has taken part in the slaughter of over fifty million Black people; therefore, We feel that this is a modest demand that We make.

**4. We want decent housing fit for shelter of human beings.**

We believe that if the landlord will not give decent housing to Our Black and oppressed community, then the housing and the land should be made into cooperatives so that the people in our community, with government aid, can build and make decent housing for the people.

**5. We want decent education for Our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us Our true history and Our role in present-day society.**

We believe in an educational system that will give to Our people a knowledge of self. If a person does not have knowledge of themselves and their position in society and the world, then you will have little chance to know anything else.

**6. We want completely free health care for all black and oppressed people.**

We believe that the government must provide, free of charge, for the people, health facilities which will not only treat our illnesses, most of which have come about as a result of our oppression, but which will also develop preventive medical programs to guarantee our future survival. We believe that mass health education and research programs must be developed to give all black and oppressed people access to advanced scientific and medical information, so we may provide ourselves with proper medical attention and care.

**7. We want an immediate end to POLICE BRUTALITY and MURDER of Black people, other people of color, all oppressed people inside the united states.**

We believe that the racist and fascist government of the united states uses its domestic enforcement agencies to carry out its program of oppression against black people, other oppressed people and poor people inside the united states. We believe it is our right, therefore, to defend ourselves against such armed forces and that all black and oppressed people should be armed for self-defense of our homes and communities against these fascist police forces.

**8. We want an immediately end to all wars of aggression.**

We believe that the various conflicts which exist around the world stem directly from the aggressive desire of the united states ruling circle and government to force its domination upon the oppressed people of the world. We believe that if the united states government or its lackeys do not cease these aggressive wars it is the right of the people to defend themselves by any means necessary against their aggressors.

**9. We want freedom for all black and oppressed people now held in u.s. federal, state, county, city, and military prisons and jails. We want trials by a jury of peers for all persons charged with so-called crimes under the laws of this county.**

We believe that the many black and poor oppressed people now held in united states prisons and jails have not received fair and impartial trials under a racist and fascist judiciary system and should be free from incarceration. We believe in the ultimate elimination of all wretched, inhuman penal institutions, because the masses of men and womyn imprisoned inside the united states or by the united states military are victims of oppressive conditions which are the real cause of their imprisonment.

We believe that when persons are brought to trial they must be guaranteed, by the united states, juries of their peers, attorneys of their choice and freedom from imprisonment while awaiting trial.

**10. We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice, peace and people's community control of modern technology.**

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind require that they should declare the cause which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are most disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, that to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpation, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute, despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

All members and potential members must study and memorize Our Ten Point Program and Platform.

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**

New Afrikan Black Panther Party – Prison Chapter  
PO Box 4362  
Allentown, PA 18105





**ALL POWER TO  
THE PEOPLE!**